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Baseball's Bill Veeck ☐ Can you trust the pollsters?

APRIL 16, 1976 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

# NewTimes®

## he birth nd death f the SLA

xclusive jailhouse terviews with four survivors: ll and Emily Harris, e Remiro and ss Little

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# New Times

APRIL 16, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 8

## The story of the SLA

The SLA is dead. Its survivors are in jail; even its kidnap victim, Patty Hearst, has been convicted. But questions remain, and in this second installment of our two-part series, the SLA's surviving members discuss how and why the SLA came together, describe how Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster was killed and admit some mistakes—including the decision to allow Patty Hearst to stay with the group.

**By Bill and Emily Harris, Russell Little and Joseph Remiro, as told to Susan Lyne and Robert Scheer**

Page 26

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**COVER**
PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF

## Unholy alliance

Pollsters have long been tagged the neutral recorders of public opinion. But during Nixon's administration, some seemed willing to play behind-the-scenes politics.

**By Michael Wheeler**

Page 38

## Total Self-absorption

In hopes of contributing to the inner-consciousness (unconsciousness?) movement, *New Times* presents a new technique that allows one to achieve levels of self-absorption never before thought possible—TS.

**By Harry Stein**

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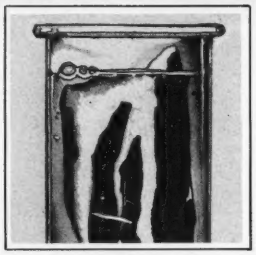
**Photo Credits**
Page 59—ACME



## Bacon: the fat is in the fire

According to recent FDA tests, America's favorite breakfast meat contains one of the most potent cancer-causing agents known. But government and industry officials don't seem to be too worried.

**By Jean Carper**

Page 47

## If baseball is poetry, Bill Veeck is Shakespeare

Bill Veeck, baseball's P.T. Barnum, is back in the big leagues after a 15-year absence with a field full of antics. And already he's miffed other owners and set fans to chuckling.

**By Mark Goodman**

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The Wankel mmmmisses.
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# If you're willing to spend about $6,000 for a car, we can show you how to spend about $4,000.

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Here's what we found. Both cars have overhead cam engines, power-assisted disc brakes, front strut suspensions, live rear axles. Both have unitized bodies, impact-absorbing front and rear body sections, collapsible steering columns, safety anti-burst door locks. Both have tinted glass, rear window defrosters, electric tachometers, and radial tires as standard equipment. (The fact is, both cars are loaded with standard equipment.)

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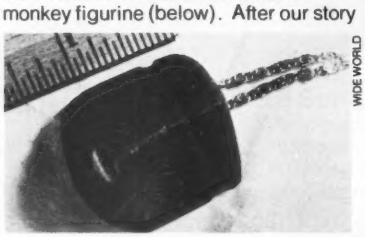
# Behind The Scenes

## The monkey on our back

It is a truism in journalism that the last phone call, the last interview, is always the best. Certainly it turned out that way in our story of Patty's life underground (March 5, 1976). Robert Scheer and Susan Lyne had spent months talking to Bill and Emily Harris and knew they had an excellent story, but they still thought there was more to be had. So they arranged for one last three-hour session with tape recorders, and invited Editor Jonathan Larsen along for his first session. The Harrises seemed tired, even a little bored. The tapes seemed to be filling up with generalities. Finally, trying to pin something down on Patty's affair with Willie Wolfe, one of the trio interjected, "This may sound like true romance or something, but was there ever anything that she [Patty] said to you . . . about missing Willie? It sounds cornball, but can you remember *any* specifics, instead of just saying that you . . ." Emily interrupted, protesting it was not a "normal situation where you are talking about your old boyfriend." But a moment later she added, "I have a couple of things—one thing Willie gave her, he called it an Olmec, a Mexican stone. . ."

She went on to tell the trio from *New Times* about the now famous monkey figurine (below). After our story



WIDE WORLD

was printed, according to his own account, Prosecutor James L. Browning was sitting in the courtroom underlining Emily's words in *New Times*. By the time the trial ended, that tiny memento had become for Patty what the prothonotary warbler became for Alger Hiss.

Af first, we had rather mixed feelings in the office about our unexpected role in the Hearst trial. Even the hint that we had "put Patty away" made us rather uncomfortable. As the days passed, however, we were relieved to find that our role was taken for what it was—simply an exercise in good journalism. As we noted at the time, our interview was presented without editorial comment. "The reader must decide," we advised. "Who is telling the truth?" The jurors made the final determination.

The Hearst case has not been the only trial that has brought the magazine publicity lately. Shortly after *New Times* started, we published a cover story entitled "Did Peter Reilly kill his

mother?" It was a fascinating account by writer Joan Barthel about a young man from Canaan, Connecticut, who had been bullied by the local police into confessing the murder of his own mother—a murder of which he was innocent, Barthel believed. Later we published a second story, and then dropped the case after Reilly's conviction. It might have ended there, had not playwright Arthur Miller read the *New Times* story and done some of his own legwork. Last fall, Miller persuaded the *New York Times* to put its own reporters on the case. Finally, last week, the *Times* work paid off, and the paper trumpeted a front-page headline, "Reilly wins retrial in mother's slaying." While congratulations are clearly due the *Times* for its hot pursuit, they are also due Barthel for her excellent reporting some two years ago.

From time to time, readers have chided us for not covering a broader spectrum of the music world. We have taken the criticism to heart and, with this issue, introduce an occasional jazz column by Frank Conroy, author of the highly acclaimed *Stop Time* and a fine jazz pianist in his own right. Conroy's column will supplement Janet Maslin's rock criticism, missing in this issue only because she came down with the flu.

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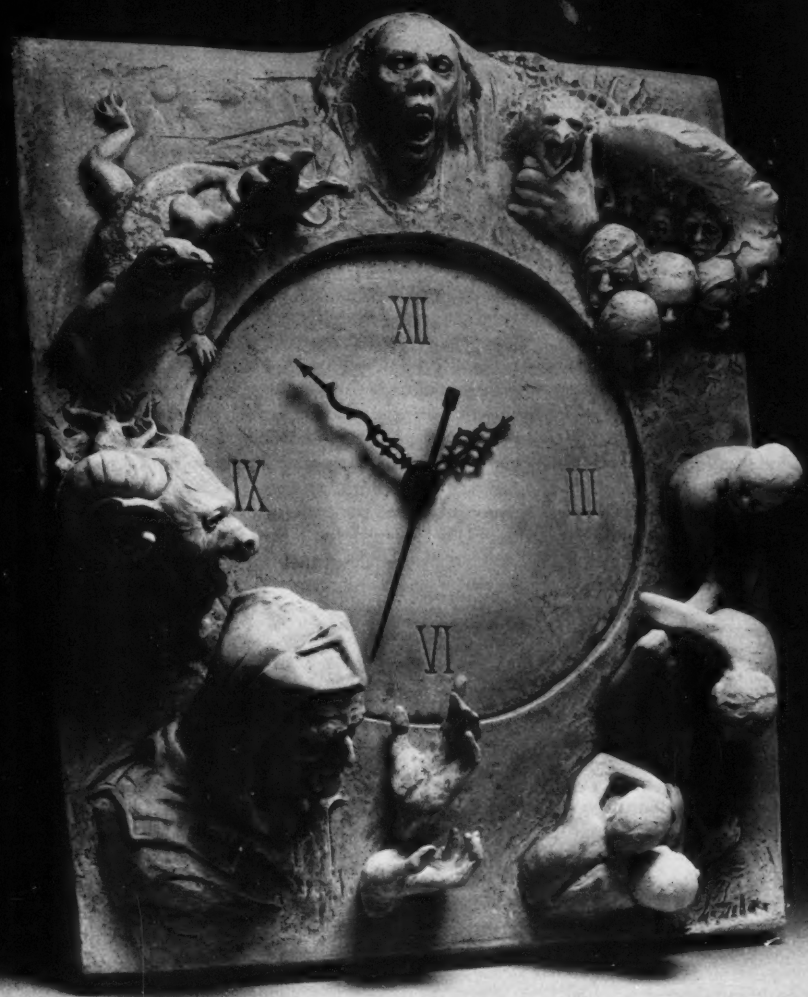


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# Letters

## est-imations

Congratulations on Jesse Kornbluth's "The führer over est" (March 19). It is a brilliant piece of reporting, and anyone remotely familiar with est will immediately appreciate the thoroughness of Kornbluth's research.

I'm an est graduate, but I think I've finally broken my addiction to the est "solution" to life, thanks to articles like yours that probe the mystique and expose the mania for what it is. I've even gotten to the point where I can dispose of my monthly est mailings *unopened*. There was a time, not very long ago, when I felt that enlightenment came in every est envelope.

*Richard L. Frankfeldt*
*New York City*

Your article was obviously thoroughly researched and painstakingly constructed. And as one of thousands of people who has transformed his life through taking the training, I can only react to the so-called "revelations" about Erhard by recalling the words that Werner has on his personalized license plates—"So What."

*Wade Alexander*
*Los Angeles, California*

I appreciate your publishing the est article. I have taken est; so have members of my family, friends and about a dozen of my patients (I'm a psychiatrist). The results have been generally positive and certainly none of these people has been harmed by the training. I've seen some breakthroughs that have resisted other forms of psychotherapy. (Although est denies that it is therapy, the results have been therapeutic in my experience.) I feel the same about Werner Erhard after reading your article as I did before. I've gotten more than my money's worth out of est. One important thing I have received is the freedom not to believe in est or its founder.

*Richard M. Dawes*
*New Orleans, Louisiana*

Where do I find Stewart Emery? I could use a cure-all for my cure-all!

*Chrristopher Bock*
*New York City*

Jesse Kornbluth's excellent article on Werner Erhard exposed still another facet of "psychobabble": the confidence man masquerading as healer. However, I am certain that between wines Erhard's headwaiter dispenses a touch of sherbet, not sherbert, to clear the guests' palates.

*Evelyn Simonowitz Levine*
*Washington, D.C.*

An incredible investigative article and fascinating reading.

*Mary Ann Alexander-Noël*
*San Jose, California*

As an est graduate, I want you to know it makes no difference if the emperor has no clothes. What I got out of the est experience was worth more than $250; and the value of that experience has nothing to do with what the staff is up (or down) to. I hope Werner gets very rich.

*Mary DeNoyer*
*Chicago, Illinois*

I found your article on est intriguing, and as a member of the bar I found your bravery in being willing to face up to the possibility of a libel suit almost unbelievable. Libel piranhas well know the value of harassment and, as discussed in the press journals, this has turned back many an excellent investigative story idea.

Most hearty congratulations and, in fact, gratitude, at the meaning which your refusal to be deterred gives to the First Amendment.

*Leonard J. Kerpelman*
*Baltimore, Maryland*

I am a middle-aged man, somewhat stolid, and not given to any type of hysteria or religious mania. Three years ago my life was changed by est and as far as I am concerned the question of whether or not Werner is a power-hungry megalomaniac who goes to bed every night gloating over his money is totally irrelevant.

*Leonard Cordell*
*Palo Alto, California*

How about a hard-hitting investigation of Pablo Picasso's marital difficulties, sexual exploits and most particularly his complicated financial dealings after he had gotten rich? That wouldn't tell us anything about the value of his art. Neither does your article tell us anything about the value of the est training.

*Elaine Fox*
*Princeton, New Jersey*

Two years ago I wrote you about Marcia Seligson's est article (October 18, 1974). I warned that est wasn't the benign, consciousness-raising group that Ms. Seligson had made it out to be, but a dangerous, fascistic, brain-washing organization. This morning I opened my mailbox and found your magazine with a picture of Erhard on the cover. I went back into my apartment, laid down on my bed and read Jesse Kornbluth's exposé of est. I caught myself smiling a great deal. Thank you.

*Jay Raskin*
*New York City*

Perhaps your next article might be based on a poll of est graduates on Seligson versus Kornbluth. My money's on Seligson.

*Joe Lesly*
*Hastings-on-Hudson, New York*

Ever since taking the training a couple of years ago I have been carrying on what seemed like a lone crusade among my friend and business associates against the sinister implications of Erhard's army.

I am a charter subscriber to *New Times*, and I have watched it grow over the years from one among many junk-mail solicitations that cross my desk to a major source of truth in an increasingly untruthful America. If it had produced just this one article, I would still be proud of every subscription dollar I've contributed over the years. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

*Dan L. Fendel*
*Beverly Hills, California*

## Aristotelian logic

The Insider note on Walter Mondale's victimization by groups opposed to the Child and Family Services Act (March 19) was very interesting.

Why don't citizens read the debate between Plato and Aristotle on who should control children? It seems clear that Aristotle won. He showed that removing children from their parents must lead to their eventual neglect. Given the nature of federal bureaucracies, I am betting on Aristotle.

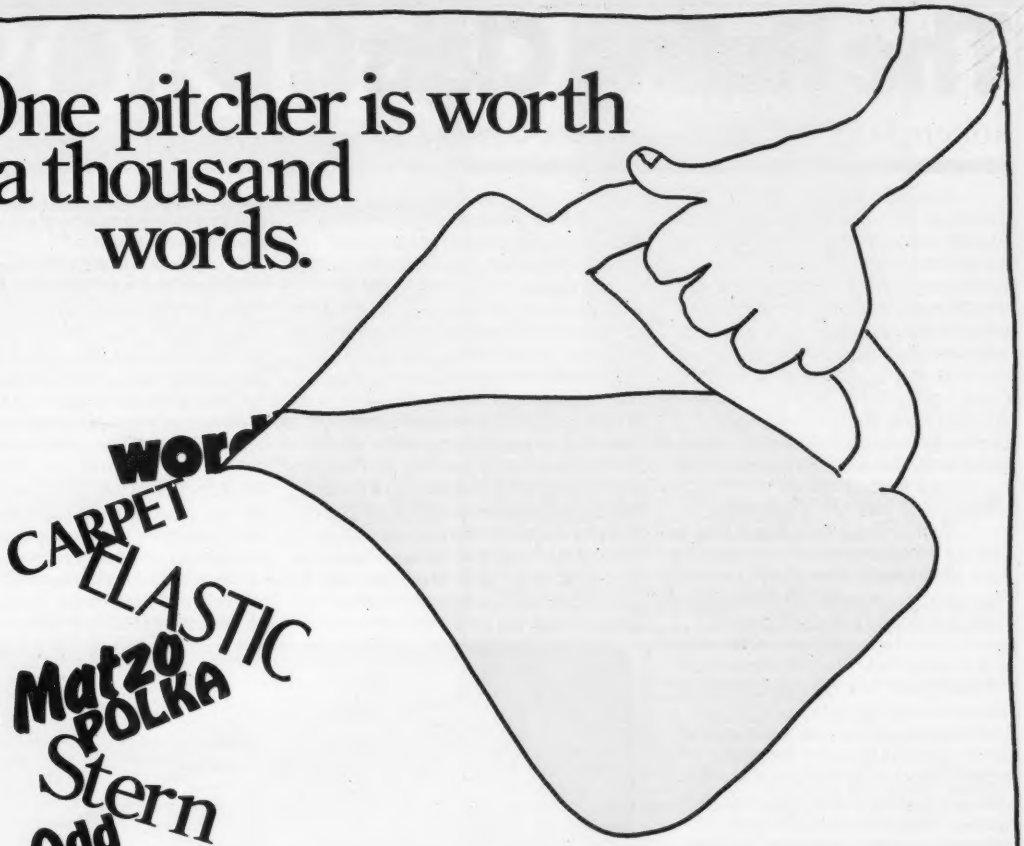
*Tibor R. Machan*
*Palo Alto, California*

## Not the Norm

I know that Norman Mailer makes for good copy, but your Insider item about him (March 19) was in extremely poor taste. I find this kind of journalism cheap, intellectually insulting and out of place in *New Times*.

*Myron C. Schiffer*
*Lenox, Massachusetts*

# One pitcher is worth a thousand words.

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# The Ruling Class

## Robert Scheer/The Cubans are coming

One has to feel for Henry Kissinger. It is not easy to woo black African nationalists and their American supporters while at the same time attempting to win over the Reagan constituency for Gerald Ford's presidential campaign. It must have appeared to him that the easy way out of this dilemma was to raise the specter of Cuba's conquest of the world. In his now famous Dallas speech, Kissinger attempted to emerge as the champion of black self-determination against what he implied were its natural enemies, the Cubans, and their Soviet backers.

With a single stroke he became a critic of détente (which is now causing Ford some electoral problems) while at the same time managing to sidestep any clear opposition to the real natural enemy—the racist regimes of Rhodesia and South Africa. After all, the current "Cuban threat" revolves around the as-yet undocumented possibility of a Cuban entry on the side of the anti-Ian Smith guerrilla forces in Rhodesia. It proved impossible to convince many Africans that the Cuban troops were a greater threat than a white racist government that has total repressive power over a black population which outnumbers the whites by better than 20 to 1. Nor did it wash with most American commentators who are aware of the strong presence of U.S. multinational companies in South Africa, as well as the fact that the U.S. still imports chrome from Rhodesia despite a U.N. ban that we agreed to. As Robert Keatley observed in *The Wall Street Journal* on March 23, "The developments give the U.S. a classic diplomatic dilemma of choosing between principle and expediency. Washington believes the blacks are morally right and has said so for years. Yet it is reluctant to offer support that might encourage warfare in southern Africa, causing casualties and economic disruption there. U.S. officials, seeing a no-win situation, resort to much mouthing of platitudes and wringing of hands.

" 'America has disappointed many in Africa by its failure to make equity and social justice more important than the raw materials it gets from white dominated areas,' an African ambassador complains."

*The Wall Street Journal* account went on to observe that "critics recall that the U.S. decided consciously to support Portugal's dictatorial regime in Lisbon and overlook racial problems in its African territories, including Angola."

While I have no illusions about the deep cynicism and great power maneuvering that underlines the Soviets' foreign policy, it is also true that for whatever reasons they have consistently come up on the side of the black African majority. Cuban foreign policy is quite another matter and stems from a commitment developed in the first days of their revolution to support other liberation struggles around the world. The Cubans hardly needed the Russians to interest them in supporting African liberation movements, since they have been far more militant and consistent in offering such support. Indeed it used to be argued as a matter of obvious fact by U.S. foreign policy experts that the Cubans were the bad communists who had to be excluded from the benefits of détente, and that they were "outlaws" precisely because they persisted in a commitment to support such liberation struggles. Che Guevara led a Cuban expeditionary force to conquer Brazzaville in the mid-Sixties over strenuous Soviet objections, and the Cubans have been active in training African liberation fighters ever since. The Cubans have been the underdogs in such fights in their own country and needed and received outside support. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of their desire to reciprocate. It was in this spirit that the Cubans continuously and publicly offered to send troops to fight on the side of the Vietnamese, and in fact did end up sending medical teams and other material assistance. While I recognize that logical consistency and morality have little to do with the complications of great power diplomacy, one can still not help wondering how the hell Kissinger can be angry with the Cubans for sending 12,000 troops to Angola when he condoned sending a half million U.S. troops to Vietnam.

One irony of the Kissinger—Cuba brouhaha that has gone unnoticed by press commentators is the fact that the U.S. currently has, by the Pentagon's own figures, approximately 5,000 troops occupying the Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba. If the presence of Cuban troops in Africa justifies a threat of war by the United States against Cuba, then the presence of U.S. troops in Cuba, over the objection of that government and pursuant to a neocolonialist treaty which that government no longer observes, must justify at least as harsh a condemnation on the part of Cuba. None of this is important since Cuba is a tiny country of 6 million people and, in Kissinger's world, sophistication begins and ends with the crude equation of might and right. But remember that this whole fuss occurred at a time when people like Senators McGovern and Javits were attempting to normalize relations between the U.S. and Cuba, and when most Latin American countries have done just that. If one of Kissinger's goals is to perpetuate the 17-year history of U.S. refusal to accept the reality of the Cuban revolution, then he has succeeded admirably. But there are going to be a lot of little schoolchildren out there in America who will never quite understand how come we get along so well with the big communist nations like Russia and China while Cuba is still considered a major threat to our security. And while the moral and logical inconsistencies of Kissinger's tirade against Cuba may be of no interest at all to serious political observers, it is just the sort of thing that tends to stick in minds of following generations. ●

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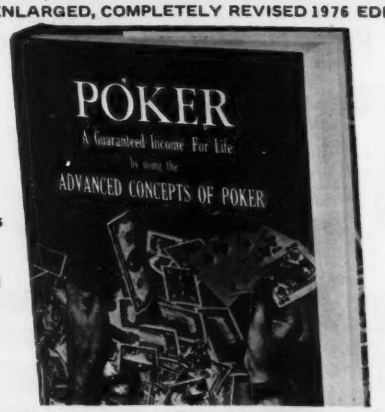


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# Fulminations

## Larry L. King/Return of the Dark Ages

Twenty-three years ago I was a party to a dirty piece of business that, in the intervening years, has haunted and revolted me. A Texas Ranger approached me (in my role as police reporter for a newspaper in Odessa, Texas) saying he'd discovered "a ring of queers" operating out of a local tavern. He had electronically bugged the homes of several suspects and was prepared, on a given Saturday night, to bust them if given the opportunity. I was invited along to obtain a juicy "scoop" for my newspaper.

Not only did I have no particular conscience in the matter, I thought it great sport. On the target evening, I found myself—along with other newsmen, a state senator, a city councilman, a Baptist preacher and assorted other insiders—giggling on a side street near one of the bugged apartments. We had a monitoring device the better to hear the fun. The poor victim and a friend of his choice, each of them young male schoolteachers, were trailed by two carloads of lawmen from the "queer" bar to the bugged home. Once bedsprings began creaking the unmistakable sounds of private couplings, officers—with keys they had made—let themselves in and arrested the astonished pair. Over the monitoring device, I heard the Texas Ranger shout, "Ain't love grand?"

Because I typed with more than two fingers, I was chosen to take the "confessions" of these unlucky lovers. They did not, of course, know they were spilling all to a working newsman. "I didn't know," one of the bewildered and lawyerless victims said, "that the police could invade the sanctity of the home." It was a complaint no one heeded; we published the charge as well as the names, addresses and occupations of the poor devils. My human concern for them was such that I do not know whether they went to prison or merely resigned their jobs in disgrace and disappeared.

As I came to have larger appreciations for the Constitutional niceties, and for individual liberties, I often have squirmed at that old recollection. Within recent days, however, the Burger Court—all four Nixon appointees voting with the majority—has declared, 6-3, that sordid raids like ours can fall within the purview of the Constitutional. They said that states may prosecute and imprison people for committing homosexual acts *even when both parties to an act are consenting adults and the act occurs in private.* Welcome back to the Dark Ages, God help us all.

The fine point has been made that the Supreme Court decision does not say that states *must* prosecute, but that they *may*. Small comfort reposes here: 36 states now prohibit what is loosely called "sodomy" with varying degrees of strictness. Certainly, however, those regressive and repressive instincts seemingly indigenous to the vigilante mind now take on a new aura of "respectability," after a decade during which gay people largely were presumed to share Constitutional rights enjoyed by the rest of us. One is chilled to think what a desperate Dick Nixon might have attempted against his special enemies had the big court returned this dismal ruling earlier.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

*The jailing of Oscar Wilde would have been just fine with the Burger Court.*

As the dope laws were employed in the 1960s to harass political dissidents, with techniques including entrapment and undercover agents, so, too, it may come in fashion to still protest through selective application of the sex laws.

To those who think it can't happen here, be assured that it already has. No law is too mean or too low to be enforced if those in power see profit in its use. (Remember Hitler?) In Dallas, the editor of an underground newspaper—Stoney Burke—was sentenced to 10 years and one day for the possession of a small amount of pot. Lee Otis Johnson, a black "radical" in Houston, was awarded 30 years for the same offense. In Detroit, a white "radical," John Sinclair, suffered a similar fate. Scott Camil, an organizer of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, was shot in Florida by federal agents during a cocaine bust—though he was later acquitted of all charges when it appeared so-called evidence against him may have been planted.

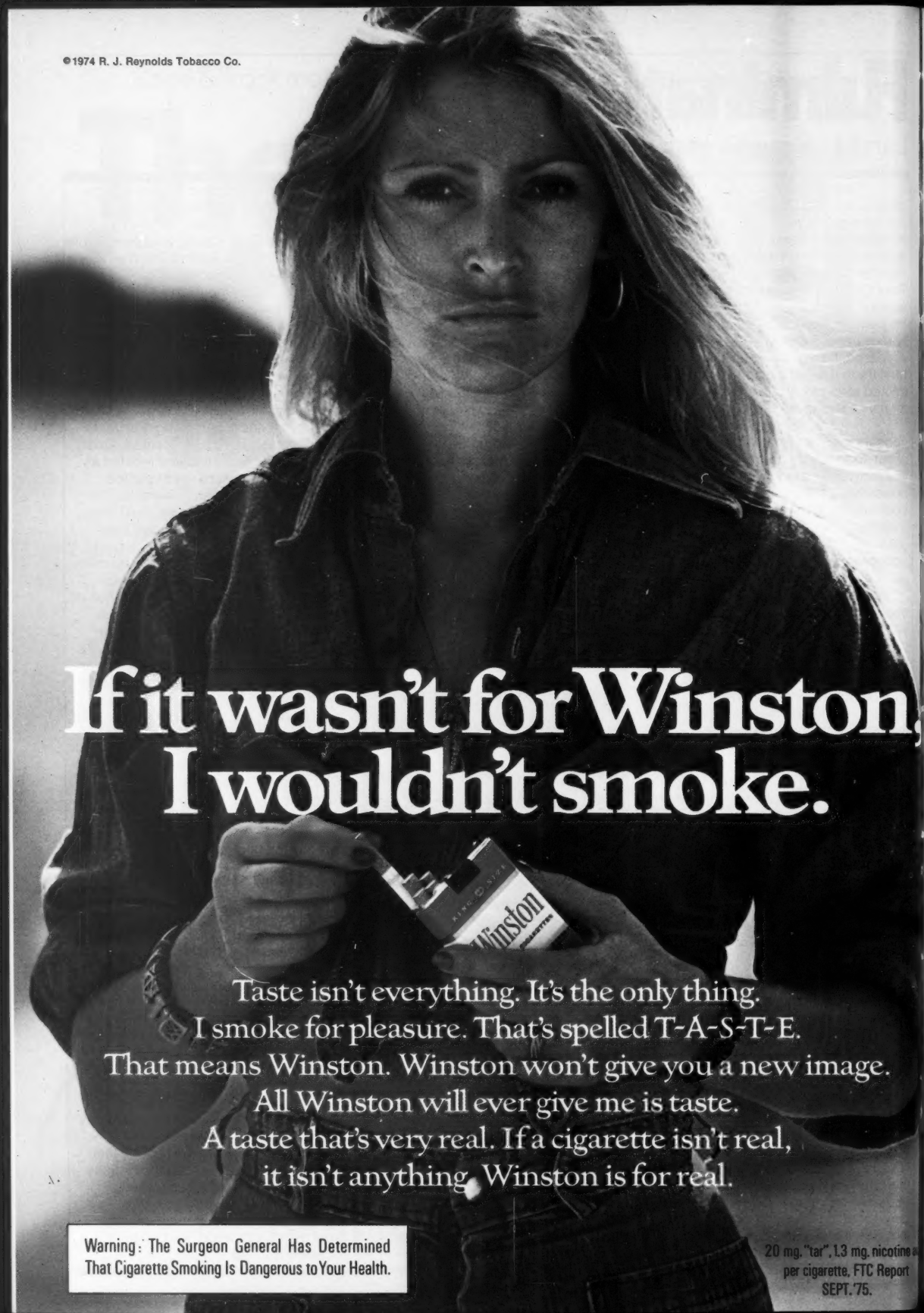
Assume, for a moment, that I am excessively shrill with respect to the possibility of extreme acts of political vengeance. The Court's decision remains no less distressing. For years homosexuals have been denied equal employment opportunities, labeled as security risks, discharged from the military with less than honorable certificates. Society has mocked them, named them sickies, excluded their basic protections. The psychological self-oppression this has forced on them surely constitutes cruel and unusual punishment. To protect jobs, families or reputations, homosexuals have been forced to go in the closet, to live in a shady underworld, to fear exposure. As someone once wrote, gay people have been "condemned to a permanent state of niggerdom among men." Public acceptance and understanding, improving by leaps in recent years, now may be slowed.

The tragedy is that the Supreme Court did not take the lead in furthering civil or human rights as it did, say, in the case of blacks.

The Supreme Court neither heard oral arguments nor issued a written opinion. It simply affirmed, sans comment, the 2-1 ruling of a lower federal court that had rejected a challenge to a Virginia law prohibiting "consensual sodomy." This, in the long run, may prove helpful to the cause of a re-hearing; a mere affirmation doesn't completely close the door as would have the more formal written opinion. Yet, realistically, who now dares argue homosexual rights before the Burger Court, out of fear of risking more detailed, formalized prohibitions against man's free choice?

To smug heterosexuals, be reminded that many sodomy laws apply against the mere unmarried—or marrieds hanky-pankying outside their vows. If you take a friend to the Holiday Inn, be careful of the pleasurable temptations of, say, oral sex.

When Big Daddy's watching, never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee. ●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# Party Lines

## Robert Sam Anson/Mo Udall and his "damnable ambivalence"

You can't help but like Mo Udall. He is the sort of person with whom you could pass an evening drinking beers, talking, hanging out, laughing at the collective crazinesses of life. A man so at ease with himself, so good at putting others at ease, that a reporter can forget for a while the mission of getting good quotes, the worry of What It All Means.

Maybe that's why everyone calls him Mo, not "the congressman" or "the candidate" or any of the other titles that are lent to make rather ordinary men a little larger than life. That's why people like Mo Udall, why he is able to count both Archie Cox and Dick Kleindienst among his friends, and why, almost certainly, he is going nowhere as a candidate for president.

It's too bad. Udall is the most palpably unneurotic candidate we have had in years. He knows who he is, his strengths and limitations. President Udall, says one political operator who knows Mo well, "wouldn't be the kind of guy who'd examine his enemies' tax returns to see how he could screw them, or bomb the shit out of somebody to show that he was a tough guy."

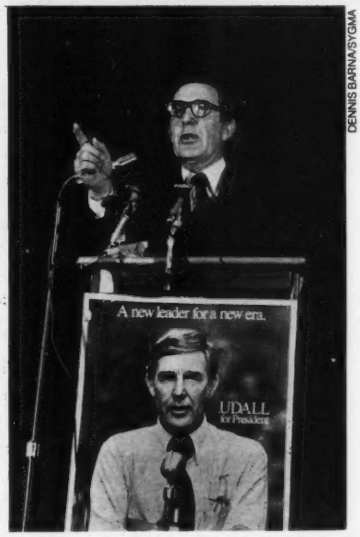
These observations come from a man who genuinely admires Udall, and who believes he would make a better president than anyone now in the running. A few weeks ago, this man—who dropped a good job in 1968 to work, without pay, for Robert Kennedy—was asked to become Udall's campaign manager. The job would have paid well and would have helped put in the White House someone he thinks should be there. He turned it down.

Why? The organizer offers a lot of explanations, as does everyone who puzzles over the shambles of the Udall campaign. But, at bottom, it comes out to a vague but persistent perception that there is something fundamentally missing. Fire in the belly, you can call it: the burning in the gut to *be* president. "The trouble with Mo," a friendly congressman from Massachusetts tries to explain, "well, Mo is just so damned ambivalent."

The problem is easier to see than to explain. Once, for instance, during the Massachusetts primary, Tip O'Neill, the majority leader and Udall's single most influential backer, had arranged for Udall to attend a reception of important but obscure local pols. Udall wanted to cancel and finally had to be bullied into going. He simply couldn't see any use in spending a couple of hours making small-talk with people he didn't know and who probably wouldn't vote for him anyway. Besides, he wanted to spend some time with his family.

Lately, Udall has even been publicly musing about being vice-president, or losing altogether. He doesn't seem overly troubled. Carter or Jackson will end up the nominee, he concludes, probably will get elected, and the country will pretty much go on as it has been. The Republic, in short, will survive.

Udall is right, of course, and that is his problem. Presidential candidates aren't supposed to entertain such thoughts. "If you asked Humphrey or



DENNIS BARNA/SYGMA

Carter what difference it would make if they didn't become president, they would tell you that the country couldn't make it without them," says one pollster. "Mo doesn't have that sense of personal destiny. If you asked what would happen if he doesn't become president, he'd tell you, 'Well, another guy will have his picture up in the post office.' "

Udall's own ambivalence helps explain the ambivalence of his admirers about him. There is a singular lack of passion among Udall's followers, no sense that they are embarked on a great crusade to turn the country around. By contrast, George McGovern, on the surface a far duller and less charismatic figure than Udall, was able to command such passion in 1972. The war, of course, accounted for much of the emotion surrounding McGovern's campaign. But it was more than that McGovern possessed what one organizer calls "that necessary streak of insanity" that made him, and those who followed him, believe that every hand shaken, every phone call made, every envelope licked was another blow for the revolution. Instead, Udall talks about the demeaning, meaningless drudge-work of campaigining. "Anyone who says he likes it," he says, "is sick."

Campaigns are always a reflection of the men who lead them. On paper, Udall was superbly organized in New Hampshire and, by all rights, should have won the primary. Instead, he came in fourth. In Massachusetts, a state which he also should have won, Udall got only 18 percent of the vote, and would have done even worse had it not been for John Martilla. Martilla, however, is a no-nonsense political pro and, in the course of salvaging Udall's campaign, bruised a number of egos, including the candidate's. Udall briefly dropped him after Massachusetts, went searching for a new campaign manager and, after several refusals, meekly turned back to Martilla.

There probably will be no saving Udall, however. Because it is not the campaign manager who needs to be changed (Udall is currently working on his third), but the candidate himself. He needs desperately to carve out an identity as something more than the least objectionable liberal. Even now, it might be too late. New York is already being written off to Scoop Jackson. Udall's campaign there is so muddled that Bella Abzug is privately predicting that he will lose her district, by every account the most liberal in the nation. In Wisconsin, a make or break state for his candidacy, Udall spent months putting together an extensive organization, only to see Jimmy Carter open up 35 headquarters in the space of a single week. Carter's task was made immeasurably easier by the fact that he is a winner and Udall is not. But carter did not get to be a winner by accident. He wanted, even lusted after, victory.

"If we picked our presidents on the basis of what kind of human beings they are, Mo would be it," sighs one of his most prominent supporters. But we don't. We make them do demeaning, petty, frivolous things as a kind of test, almost to see if they care about us enough. You wonder, even liking the guy, whether Mo ever really did. ●

# Slow Down

## James S. Kunen/What do nuclear tests test?

Every so often, government employees drill a hole 5,000 feet deep in the desert about 100 miles from Las Vegas, lower into it a "nuclear device" (*bomb*, to you), seal it up and let her rip. We spend about $1 billion a year on these nuclear tests.

A sane person of my acquaintance asked me: since, presumably, we know by now that the things explode, what are we testing when we test nuclear weapons?

According to arms experts in and out of the government, what we're doing is *refining* the weapons we have. "You can always do little things here or there, make them a little more efficient, a little smaller. There's no end to the new wrinkles you can come up with if you spend the money," one explained.

We are *not* looking for any major breakthroughs. There is none left to be made. The hydrogen bomb, which we've had since 1952, *is* the ultimate weapon. Picture a freight train stretching from New York to Los Angeles, with every one of its boxcars filled with TNT—20 million tons of it. That's the equivalent of *one* 20-megaton bomb. There's really no upper limit to the power to which H-bombs can be built. A 1-megaton bomb costs about $1 million; a 10-megaton, $1.1 million; after that, the cost is only a penny for each additional ton of explosive power. In practice, we prefer strategic warheads under a megaton. We have 8,900 of these, and are adding 400 a year. (We've promised the Russians we'll stop at 21,000.) In addition, we currently have 22,000 "tactical" nuclear weapons in place worldwide with yields up to a megaton. Together, we and the Russians have salted away the equivalent of 10 tons of TNT for every person on earth.

One reason for testing is to make sure the inventory's not stale. These weapons may deteriorate with age.

Another major objective of the tests is to determine the effect of thermonuclear explosions on electronic instrumentation. We don't want our missiles to get screwed up by anti-missile missiles, which have nuclear warheads themselves.

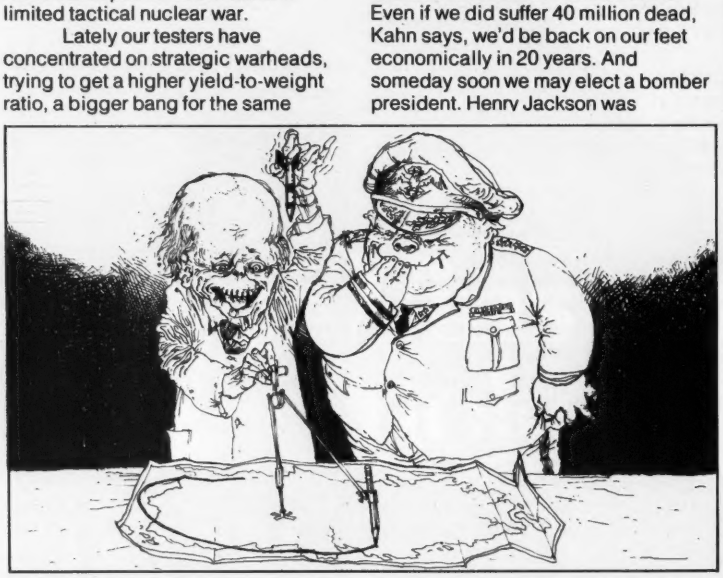
Many of the tests have to do with new delivery systems; we have to make sure the bombs work in new packages. We have nuclear depth charges. We have nuclear torpedoes. The Army, which didn't like the Navy and Air Force having all the Big Ones, developed an atomic cannon, atomic demolition charges, even an atomic bazooka. The trouble with these weapons is that they are placed very near the front line in Europe, and therefore must be fired immediately in the event of hostilities, lest they be overrun. Even then, the fallout is very nasty for *both* sides. So we're working on shells with longer range and cleaner explosions. The object is a "more credible deterrent," that is, more *usable* weapons. The drawback to their use is that any country we defended with them would be devastated. Even barring attacks on cities, a NATO war game named Carte Blanche revealed that 2 to 20 million Europeans would die in a limited tactical nuclear war.

Lately our testers have concentrated on strategic warheads, trying to get a higher yield-to-weight ratio, a bigger bang for the same number of pounds. They set off 25 bombs of 400-plus kilotons in the last year and a half, in order to beat the March 31 deadline of the limited test-ban treaty that Nixon and Brezhnev signed in 1974. Thanks to this triumph of Nixonian summitry, neither Russia nor the U.S. will ever again test anything over 150 kilotons—ten times the power of the bomb we dropped on Hiroshima, which flattened seven square miles and killed 100,000 people.

Rest assured that the treaty is not another détente-inspired giveaway. The only need for higher yields is to ensure destruction of the target if the weapon misses by a wide margin. The new cruise missile, for which we're testing warheads, can fly 2,500 miles and strike within 30 feet of its target.

It seems a little crazy, testing weapons which only madmen would use. But, maybe we will use them.

The United States has repeatedly refused to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons. Herman Kahn, the eminent bomb-thinker, has written that we could *win* a nuclear war. "The average citizen has a dour attitude toward planners who say that if we do thus and so it will not be 40 million dead—it will be 20 million dead," he complains. He insists that nuclear war "would not preclude normal and happy lives for the majority of survivors and their descendants." Even if we did suffer 40 million dead, Kahn says, we'd be back on our feet economically in 20 years. And someday soon we may elect a bomber president. Henry Jackson was reported to have said, when the North Koreans captured the *Pueblo* in 1968, "I'm afraid we'll have to get into the use of nuclear weapons."



Testing new weapons makes nuclear war more likely. Right now, peace is maintained by mutual deterrence. Both the U.S. and Russia know that a first strike by either could not destroy the other's ability to retaliate. But if we develop delivery systems which could destroy Russia's weapons before they are launched, or if our testing leads the Russians to *fear* that we have such a capability, Russia's only defense would be to launch an offensive strike.

All of our testing just hastens the day of reckoning. When the missiles fly, at least we'll know we cared enough to send the very best. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

# Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

## Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

**WHAT I DISCOVERED**

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

**WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED**

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females!

Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

**WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED.**

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and. . .I have tried many. . ." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement. . ." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail. . ." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference. . ." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable. . ." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors. . . tried everything. . . nothing happened until I started using Head Start. . ." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J. T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work" . . . Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

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ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

# The Insider

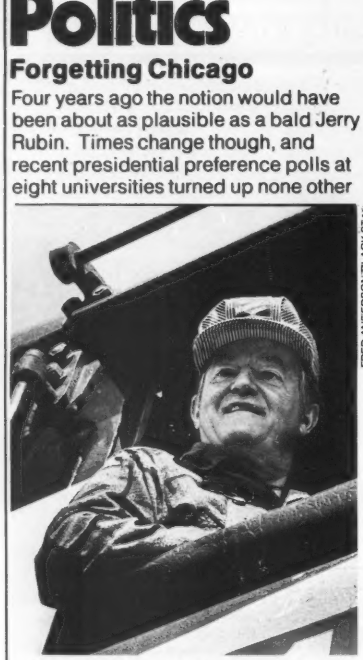
EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

A Humphrey revival on campus?/Deflating the cellulite myth

## Politics

### Forgetting Chicago

Four years ago the notion would have been about as plausible as a bald Jerry Rubin. Times change though, and recent presidential preference polls at eight universities turned up none other than Hubert Humphrey as the favorite Democrat candidate for president among students. The largest percentage of students remain undecided, but Humphrey led all candidates at the University of Connecticut, the University of Minnesota, the University of Virginia (among freshman), and finished second at the University of Pennsylvania, only to non-candidate Ted Kennedy. He was also the choice of the Notre Dame black caucus as the candidate who "best characterizes the position of black students on this campus." And on the Republican side, President Ford led Ronald Reagan by more than a 2 to 1 margin.



FRED ANDERSON/BLACK STAR

Humphrey: riding the campus track

### The Reagan-Udall scenario

If Mo Udall manages the strong showing in the Wisconsin primary that he says is crucial to his campaign (voting is five days away at our press time), one person he'll have to thank is Ronald Reagan.

Did we say Ronald Reagan? Yes, if you can follow this slightly labyrinthine logic. Wisconsin permits Republicans to vote in the Democratic primary, and the state's voters are not adverse to crossing over. If Reagan hadn't pulled his surprise victory in North Carolina, many believe he might have pulled out of the race, or curtailed his campaign significantly. That would have made Ford the near-automatic victor in Wisconsin and thus freed thousands of moderate Republicans to vote in the more closely contested Democratic race. Polls, in turn, have indicated that crossovers would vote overwhelmingly for Udall's chief Wisconsin rival, Jimmy Carter. With Reagan's win, however, moderate Republicans have a race of their own to contend with, and are expected to go with Ford rather than Carter. Advantage Udall.

Get it?

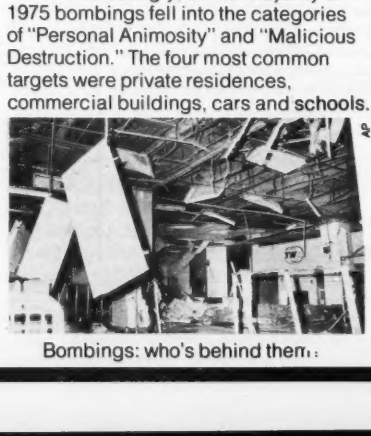
### The man who would be King

The delightful symbolism might make J. Edgar Hoover turn over in his grave. It's one thing that his old office at the Justice Department is being occupied by the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, J. Stanley Pottinger. But it's quite another that Pottinger decided to give the office a new—albeit unofficial—name. He is calling it the "Martin Luther King Conference Room."

### The bombing of America

FBI Director Clarence Kelly has made much of the rapid increase in terrorist bombings since the bureau began compiling statistics on them in 1972. Although the 400 percent increase is dramatic enough, the fact is that only 89 of 2053 actual and attempted bombings in 1975—less than 5 percent—were "terrorist." Nor were the terrorist acts responsible for a significant percentage of the deaths and injuries caused by all bombings, often because political bombings are preceded by warnings.

Interestingly, the far majority of 1975 bombings fell into the categories of "Personal Animosity" and "Malicious Destruction." The four most common targets were private residences, commercial buildings, cars and schools.

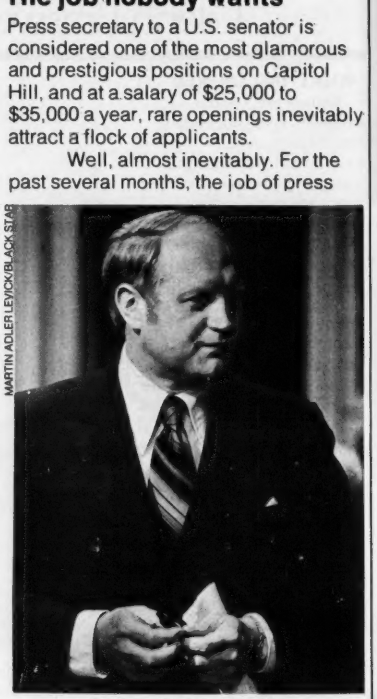


Bombings: who's behind them?

### The job nobody wants

Press secretary to a U.S. senator is considered one of the most glamorous and prestigious positions on Capitol Hill, and at a salary of $25,000 to $35,000 a year, rare openings inevitably attract a flock of applicants.

Well, almost inevitably. For the past several months, the job of press secretary to Senator John Culver (D-Iowa) has been vacant and no lines are forming to fill it. The reason might have something to do with the 43-year-old senator's personal reputation. A 200-pound plus ex-marine, Culver is known for his violent temper and the tendency to let it loose on his staff. Asked about his boss' reputation, executive assistant Colburn Aker smiled uncomfortably, "We couldn't hire anybody who needs a pat on the back all the time. [Culver] does have a short fuse." Another aide put it more bluntly: "John's the most liberal man in the Senate, bright as hell and the meanest son of a bitch I've ever known."



MARTIN ADLER LEVICK/BLACK STAR

Culver: big and bad?

### A family affair

Sometime during the next few weeks, letters will begin arriving addressed to the members of America's 8,000 wealthiest corporate families—at their homes. The mailing will contain cassette tapes with messages that begin: "We are communicating with you because your husband is one of the top business leaders in the country. . . .No doubt you are aware of the recent

revelations of widespread corruption and criminality in the boardrooms. . . . We think these corporate scandals put a special responsibility on your family to ask some probing questions of your husband . . . . Have you ever asked him . . . if he has been involved in criminal activity? Would your husband inform the authorities if he was aware of illegal conduct among his friends and associates? Would you . . . . ?"

The unusual campaign is being staged by the relentlessly imaginative People's Bicentennial Commission and will include a series of weekly follow-up letters. Explains Co-Director Ted Howard: "We want to see families come out of their anonymity. It could be denunciations of the letters or defenses of their position. We can't judge the results yet, but we're damn sure there'll be some interesting talk around the country clubs."

If there is to be a reaction, it should come soon. The first tape concludes: "Moral conduct starts with the family unit. You and your family should be taking the necessary steps now to make sure you own house is in order spiritually and morally. . . . What better time to begin than when your husband comes home this evening for dinner?"

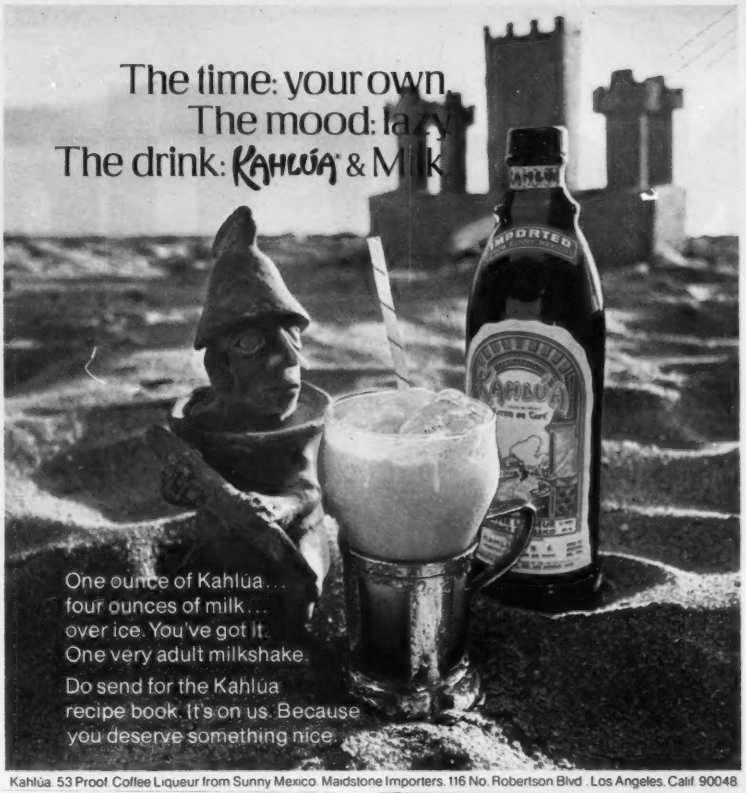
## Quote of the week

Barry Goldwater (R-Ariz.), overheard commenting to a colleague on fellow senator William Scott (R.-Va.) during a recent committee hearing: "If he were any dumber, he'd be a tree."

## Widening the Gulf

Now that retiring Pennsylvania Senator and Minority Leader Hugh Scott has lost out to Thomas Gates for the Chinese ambassadorship, it seems likely that Scott may never have to answer tough questions about the Gulf Oil campaign contributions he has steadfastly refused to discuss.

Scott is alleged to have received over $100,000 from Gulf Oil lobbyist Claude C. Wild Jr. during a ten-year period, according to sworn depositions taken by Securities and Exchange Commission investigators last year. (Wild himself pleaded guilty in 1974 to making illegal contributions to the 1972 presidential campaign.) There are those who believe Scott's recent and unexpected decision to support an anti-oil company divestiture bill is an attempt to reverse the impression that he is a tool of the oil industry. Anxious to hear the senator's full version of the story, we sent correspondent Kitty Kelley over to his office recently. She was stonewalled. "No questions about the Gulf Oil contributions or you can't

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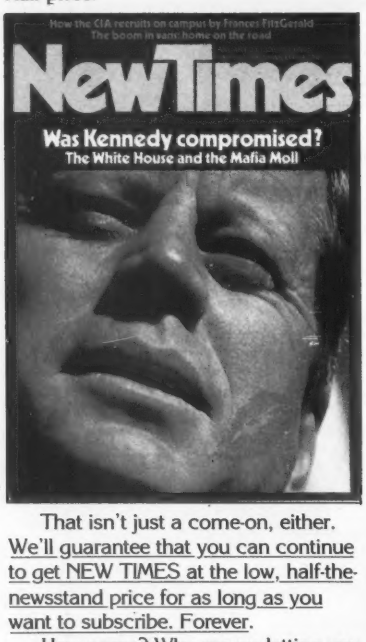
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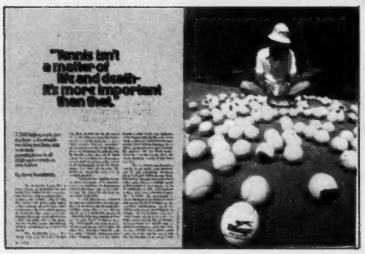
William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of storytellers." To good old Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

So be it. NEW TIMES makes things happen. We aren't afraid to tell all the truth we can get our hands on. We turn over rocks. We make waves. We yell bloody murder. Troublemakers? You're damn right.

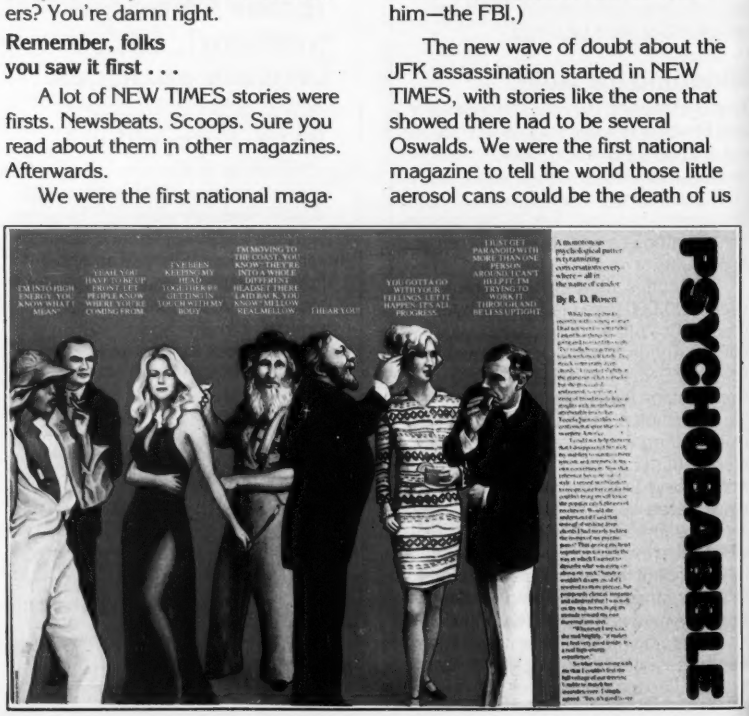
**Remember, folks you saw it first . . .**

A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)




The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world those little aerosol cans could be the death of us



# Forever.

all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

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Throughout 1976, we will be bringing you fresh, in-depth coverage of the Presidential campaign, stories such as Robert Anson's week with Ronald Reagan and Marshall Frady's 20,000 word exegesis on the Democrats. And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

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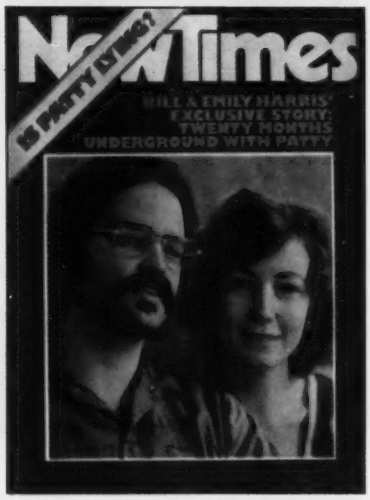


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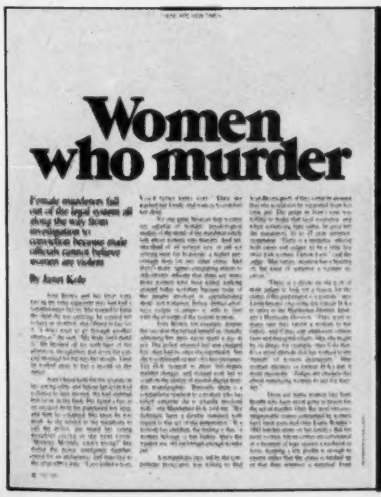


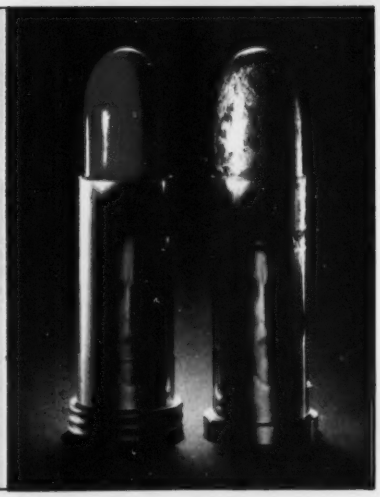

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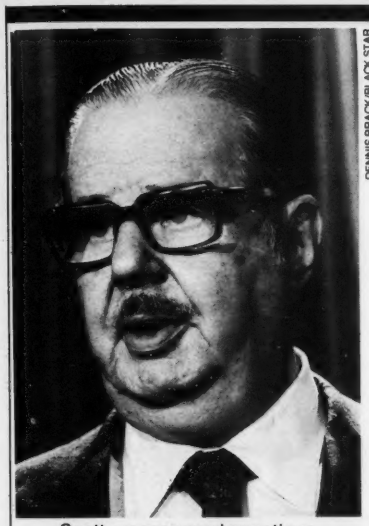


DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Scott: unanswered questions

have the interview," press secretary Pat Agnew told her.

The specific allegation against Scott is that he received $5,000 each spring and fall ($10,000 a year) for more than ten years from lobbyist Wild. An SEC probe of the Gulf Oil slush fund that operated between 1959 and 1973 continues, as do separate probes by the Watergate special prosecutor's office and the Internal Revenue Service. As an excuse not to talk about the Gulf contributions, Scott uses his upcoming retirement and explains that it means he no longer has to answer to his constituency. The senator's original contention was that he never received a gift or "personal retainer" from Gulf Oil. Gulf's attorney, Thomas D. Wright, has testified that the money was made available to Scott after the senator "described to Wild his need for money for a personal matter or for some office matter."

Ironically, the group with the best access to the senator's financial records is the Senate Ethics Committee, and since its members are Scott's colleagues, they are unlikely to investigate their powerful colleague unless it proves unavoidable. For now, it appears that the senator will continue to go Scott-free.

# Seventies

## What's their beef?

So much a part of the American diet has junk food become that the franchise-addicted public simply won't tolerate quality anymore. Take the example of a Louisville, Kentucky, Arby's Roast Beef Restaurant, which recently stopped serving sandwiches made of real roast beef in favor of what Arby's calls "fabricated" or "structured" roast.

The Louisville franchise had been one of about 40 holdout Arby's that still served sandwiches made from top round beef. Early this year, however, the store's manager joined about 510 other Arby's franchises in switching to the artificial product. According to notices posted in Arby's franchises, the substitute is concocted from cuts of beef that are "reduced in size, trimmed of excess fat and blended with chopped beef binder" to form a loaf.

Sounds delicious, right? The Louisville franchise made the switch to a loaf because so many customers complained that the restaurant's sandwiches didn't taste right. Says Chuck Hofsass, director of quality control for the Arby's chain: "We get more complaints about the beef in those stores still using top round than in all of the ones using structured roast."

## Hail, hail the gang's all here

"I know these gangs are dictatorships. If I get the 50 leaders, I've got the 15,000 members." The speaker is Carl Shinn, onetime president of Chicago's Blackstone Rangers, and the constituency he's intent on tapping is New York's tough new breed of street gangs.

Six months ago, the 35-year-old Shinn helped found New York's Inner City Roundtable of Youth, a group whose board consists of the major gang leaders in the area. Bypassing both the police and traditional government programs, Shinn instead used his own rapport with gang leaders to set up the group. His goal: to channel the gangs' powerful energies—traditionally spent in wars with each other—into productive programs. At regular intervals during the last six months, leaders who have never even spoken, much less worked together, have been meeting to discuss such projects as neighborhood rebuilding, senior citizen escort services and voter registration.

Shinn's ultimate goal is to find job opportunities for gang members. A more immediate aim is the purchase of abandoned lots and buildings in gang neighborhoods, which members will reconstruct and then use as cooperative housing.

Although the program is still in its seminal stages and funding has been hard to come by, Shinn is convinced he's hooked into a natural route to success. "In the past," he explains, "everyone who tried to work with the gangs wanted to break them up. But these are organization people. They're highly disciplined. Why not try and take advantage of that?"

## Who the Bell tolls

Clever cons devised to beat the telephone company are a dime a dozen, but maneuvering legally around Ma Bell's bureaucracy is another story. Take the company's irksome practice of charging customers for *not* listing their numbers in the telephone directory ($1.06 a month in New York City).

"You pay to keep them from invading your privacy. Now ain't that a bitch?" asks one of our annoyed (and unlisted) correspondents. Not at all, says a telephone company spokesman: "All our records have to be specially noted for an unlisted number, so the information is not given out. That costs money."

Perhaps, but that explanation did not satisfy our correspondent. He has now discovered a way not only to avoid the charge, but also to further protect his number from people, such as the police, who can demand even unlisted

MICHAEL ABRAMSON/BLACK STAR

Street gangs: uniting forces

numbers from the telephone company. His trick? He lists his number, but under an assumed name which he tells no one. Because a bill can be sent to anyone the customer requests, our correspondent simply has his monthly charges billed in his real name. For complete anonymity, he could ask that the bill be sent to a friend. In either case, he avoids the unlisted charge and still keeps his number effectively unavailable to all seekers.

## Death be proud

Thirteen years after publication of *The American Way of Death,* Jessica Mitford's highly acclaimed indictment of the funeral business, the government has decided to crack down. The Federal Trade Commission has proposed a regulation that would outlaw such unethical practices as requiring a casket for cremation and quoting a funeral package price without giving a choice of items.

Not surprisingly, the National Funeral Directors Association (NFDA) is aghast at the FTC's proposed regulation. As the most powerful voice for funeral directors, NFDA is busy lobbying congress to challenge the FTC's authority to override existing state funeral laws. Said a recent editorial in the *American Funeral Director*, an industry trade publication: "If the FTC attorneys have their way, no vestige of professionalism will remain. Do they really want to reclassify human remains as a commodity to be bargained over by shoppers going from counter to counter until the price is right?"

The answer is yes, if the alternative is a price that is wrong. At least that's the view of the most active consumer voice for funeral reform in recent years. The non-profit, Washington, D.C., based Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies has already proved that simple, economical funerals are possible. An average NFDA funeral costs between $1,300 and $2,000, while the Continental Association claims that it can help arrange one for between $185 and $500. "Our cost is low," explains a spokesperson, "because we can negotiate contracts with funeral homes on behalf of our members. All arrangements are made in advance to diminish the trauma of death when it occurs."

As to the FTC regulation, at least six public hearings will be held around the country before a decision is made, the first of them beginning April 20 in New York City.

## Psyching out Jeane Dixon

One of the most common criticisms of the press is that it fails to follow up stories, and with that in mind we offer a onetime only solution: do this follow-up yourself. Simply cut out the following item and check it again in seven months (if you forget, we promise to do our own check). You'll discover just how psychic are the world's leading psychics. For this test, we chose famed seer Jeane Dixon and her predictions about the 1976 presidential race. Dixon's forecasts, which were in the March 30 *National Enquirer* cover story include the following:

•Another assassination attempt will be made on Gerald Ford and he will resign;

•Nelson Rockefeller will become interim president;

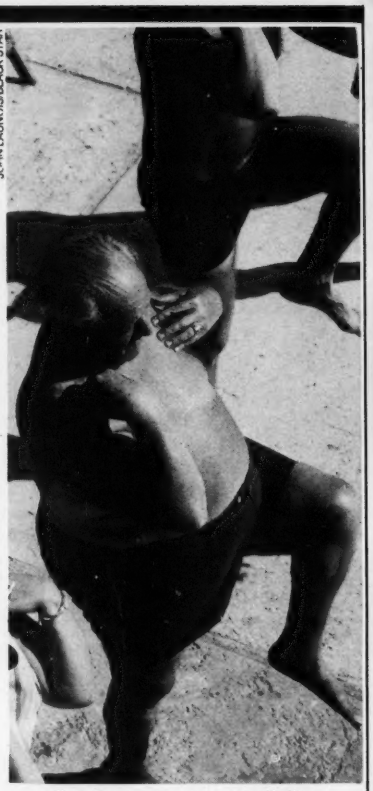
•Ronald Reagan will be the Republican presidential nominee;

•Jimmy Carter will edge out Reagan for the presidency.

# Mind & Body

## Selling you light

By now you've almost surely heard of cellulite—the stuff of which a certain stubborn fat is allegedly made. Efforts to combat it have been the subject of two books—Nicole Ronsard's bestselling *Cellulite: Those Lumps, Bumps & Bulges You Couldn't Lose Before* and Carol Ann Rinzler's *Banish Those Unsightly Cellulite Bumps Forever.* Cellulite is described as a "gel-like substance saturated with water and waste" and suggested means for getting rid of it include exercise, massage, relaxation and standing on the beach to let waves lap against the bumps (This will break down the tissues and permit them to be washed out of the system, according to Ronsard).



JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR

Tne fat you see is not cellulite

The catch is that cellulite does not exist—at least not according to the Medical Society of New York City, the American Medical Association and four leading physicians we contacted. All of them say that it is no different from any other fat and demands no special dieting techniques.

Says gynecologist Lazar Margulies, "There's no metabolic or scientific basis for it." Adds Morton Glenn, past president of the American Nutrition Association, "It's all bull. There's no such thing known to medical science and it's absolutely worthless." As to following the nutritional advice advanced in the cellulite books, The Medical Society of the County of New York warns that people do so at the risk of both dehydration and malnutrition.

## A (happy) hair-raising story

Eat your heart out, Senators Proxmire and Biden (NT: April 2)—your expensive and painful hair transplants may have been unnecessary. A New York City dermatologist has now discovered a simple shampoo-and-cream treatment that has a 3-to-1 chance of turning hair loss into hair growth.

Working on the assumption that

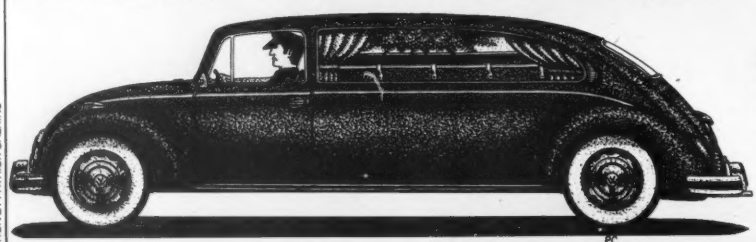


ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

Funerals: simplify, simplify

baldness is caused by an excess of testosterone in the scalp (you know the old story about bald men being more virile), Dr. Edward Settel developed a scalp cream that metabolizes and thus absorbs the hormone. Along with the hormonal shampoo, the cream has agents that stimulate dormant follicles and enrich hair texture.

Settel tested his preparations on 694 men. After eight weeks, nine out of ten had reduced hair fallout and improved hair texture. As for new hair growth, the younger the man, the better his chance. Three-fourths of those under 30 experienced growth, compared to half of those in the 51-to-70 bracket.

Settel's preparations are still being tested by doctors in several cities, and thus commercial application won't begin for some time.

Does hair make this man?

# Post Scripts

## The little camera that couldn't (*NT:* November 29, 1974)

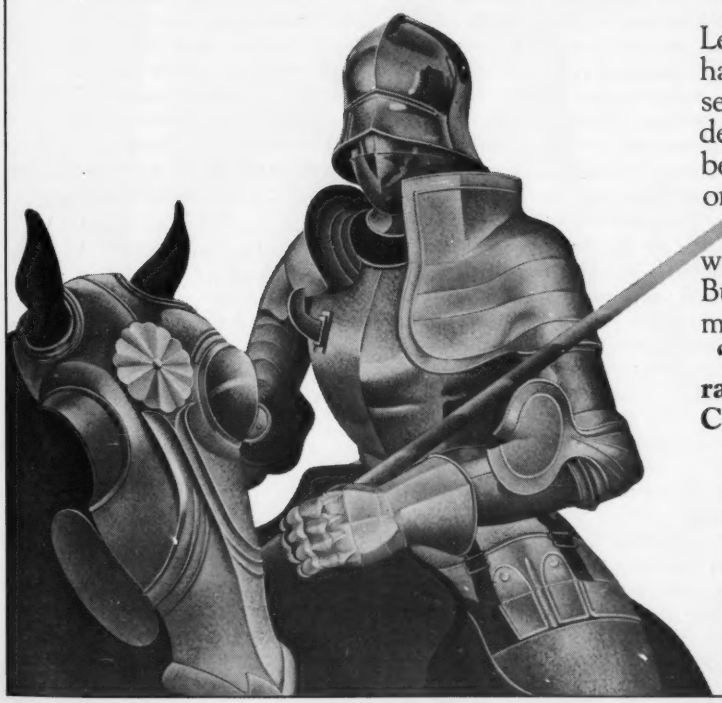
Funereal pronouncements by *New Times* notwithstanding, Polaroid's SX-70 camera seems to be recovering from a slow start. Touted by Polaroid as a revolution in one-step picture taking, the SX-70 represented a $600 million investment. A year and a half ago, *New Times* used the camera as a classic example of "conspicuous consumption" and called it a product with an "almost total lack of real purpose or need." We also reported that the camera's poor sales were largely responsible for Polaroid's decimated earnings.

Although the first point remains quite debatable, Polaroid's 1975 financial statement paints a far prettier picture of the SX-70's financial success. According to Polaroid President William McCune Jr., the company had its best earnings in five years during 1975 and set records for sales. Per share earnings increased from $.86 in 1974 to $1.91 in 1975; of 5 million Polaroid cameras sold worldwide, about 1 million were SX-70s. The company's stock is currently selling in the 30s, a long way from its 1973 high of 144, but up from the 1974 low of 14⅛.

Among the most glaring drawbacks of the original SX-70 was the short shelf-life of its battery. Some improvement has taken place, but the battery is still guaranteed for only eight months. A bigger problem was the camera's cost—up $20 recently to a $199.95 list. A partial solution has been the introduction of three less expensive models of the SX-70, also capable of printing pictures in open sunlight. Buttressed by a $4 million, four-week introductory ad campaign, the "Pronto!" went on sale last month for a list price of $66.

**Contributors:**
Larry Frederick, Arthur Hadley, Kitty Kelley, Ernest Lendler, Pat McGilligan, Laer Pearce, Charles Stein, Nina Totenberg, Roger N. Williams.


# Return to Forever: The Masters.



Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Lenny White and Al DiMeola have created a music that presents staggering technical demands, emphasizes interplay between musicians, and insists on constant originality.

They've developed a style which is increasingly imitated. But there's no doubt who the masters are. Return to Forever.

**"Romantic Warrior." A radically original album on Columbia Records and Tapes.**

© "COLUMBIA" ® MARCAS REG. © 1976 CBS INC.

By Bill and Emily Harris, Russell Little and Joseph Remiro, as told to Susan Lyne and Robert Scheer

# THE STORY OF THE SLA

## How and why the group that kidnapped Patty Hearst came to be urban guerrillas

*Six are dead, pro tem member Patricia Hearst is awaiting sentencing and the four surviving comrades-in-arms are now all in prison—Emily and Bill Harris, Joe Remiro and Russell Little. Although various acts of sabotage and terrorism are still carried out in its name, the SLA ceased to exist the day the Harrises and Patricia Hearst were arrested. All that is left are a few nagging questions: How and why did the SLA come together? Who assassinated Oakland School Superintendent Marcus Foster and why? What sort of people were the members of the SLA, and what do the survivors think of their group and its actions now?*

*This story begins in the summer of 1972. By that time the future members of the Symbionese Liberation Army were engaged in radical activities in Oakland. Like millions of other young Americans, they had undergone a political conversion in the Sixties. Gradually, a racism that they had never noticed seemed glaring, a sexism that they had never questioned seemed crippling and a war that they had never challenged seemed monstrous. And somehow it all fit together.*

*For Emily Harris, it was her dependence as a woman which led her to ask social questions; the antiwar movement gave her political answers. Her husband Bill discovered a virulent racism when he went to Vietnam; for the first time, he was associating largely with blacks among his fellow Marines, and he was being directed to wage war against "gooks" and "slopes." Six months after he returned from Vietnam, already involved in antiwar organizing, Bill met Emily at Indiana University, where their political education continued.*

*Like Bill, Joe Remiro changed in Vietnam. He and his buddies in an elite combat unit would call in artillery strikes to blow up valleys "because we had nothing better to do," or they would destroy the corner of a village to test the accuracy of napalm. The senselessness of it all didn't hit Remiro until he returned home and saw that his old neighbors were still mowing their lawns and driving their cars, oblivious to the horrors he had witnessed.*

*Back in California, Remiro married "the only person I could talk to," became a pacifist and for three years was a vegetarian.*

*The fourth SLA survivor, Russell Little, came to California for the first time in the summer of 1971, looking—like many other young radicals—for comrades and inspiration in the established leftist communities.*

*The following account picks up the future members of the SLA as they begin to involve themselves in the prison organizing movement and in Venceremos, a Maoist-oriented political group that stressed armed self-defense of offices and members' homes. It is a point midway on the road from campus demonstrations to armed guerrilla warfare.*

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### Spring and Summer of 1972: The Venceremos Connection

*Emily:* We left Indiana for the Bay Area in 1972 because we wanted to learn more about what was happening in a place that seemed to us Midwesterners to be the nucleus of radical activity. By that time, one of our good friends, Angela Atwood, had already moved out and was living in Berkeley.

Angela had been involved in antiwar demonstrations in Indiana along with Bill and me, and after she came to the Bay Area she worked as a waitress and later became active in trying to unionize a lot of San Francisco's restaurants.

We started working with Venceremos mainly because Bill met Joe at a

Safeway store where Joe was handing out some leaflets for the farmworkers and Bill was registering folks to vote in the Oakland election—Bobby Seale was running for mayor. Joe was in Venceremos at the time and he told Bill about a community get-together where some films were going to be shown and some folks were going to talk about the prison movement. We both went and after that started getting involved in all sorts of community work—local politics, strikes, but mostly prison struggles.

*Bill:* Through Venceremos, Emily and I got involved in a Marxist-Leninist study group and a self-defense class. Part of the political framework of Venceremos was a heavy emphasis on armed self-defense. This was really my first serious exposure to weapons since the training I had gotten in Vietnam. In Indiana, people hadn't been messing around with guns. The two of us kind of linked this with solidifying our ideas concerning armed struggle—it was really just a logical progression from our support for the Vietnamese struggle to our understanding that at some point armed struggle was inevitable in this country. Since we linked up the need for self-defense with the politics of armed struggle, we saw ourselves as being in a period of preparation for that eventuality. Venceremos certainly believed in a more passive role than the SLA finally took, but armed self-defense was a logical lead-in for several of us.

*Russ:* I came to California for the first time in the summer of 1971. I had recently been reading *Soledad Brother* by George Jackson and hearing about the Black Panther Party, so I came to the land of People's Park looking to hook up with the mythical revolutionary movement. The first thing that happened was that George Jackson was killed on August 21, 1971. I was in Berkeley then and I got ready for the riots but they didn't happen. I couldn't believe it! I ended up leaving California—broke and disappointed.

I spent the next year traveling and studying everything I could get my hands on about national liberation struggles and guerrilla warfare. I was living like *Steal This Book* and when I finally got back to the Bay Area in August of 1972, I moved in with some people who were working in the prisons—among them Willie Wolfe. They had ways of getting into the prisons twice a week and were into a Maoist thing, so I decided it was time to stop traveling and get back into the struggle. One of the first convicts I met in the California prisons was Cinque.

*Joe:* I started taking a self-defense class with Venceremos and realized I knew more about weapons than the guy who was teaching—I was constantly contradicting him around ideas he must have gotten from the movies. So people started encouraging me to teach some classes myself. I began studying all the laws around the buying of guns, the ownership and transportation of guns. The idea was to familiarize people with the safe and legal use of weapons. I wouldn't have anything to do with weapons that I didn't consider self-defense weapons—like high-powered rifles—because defending yourself doesn't mean jeopardizing other people's lives. We'd start with the laws, go on to emergency first aid—how to stop bleeding. Then we got into safe handling of weapons. Finally the class would go out to the range.

About the same time, some of us got together to do a free once-a-week film series. Most of the films were political—we had one on the slaughter at Attica and one on the murder of Fred Hampton, but we also had some non-political films like *The Red Balloon* and W.C. Fields. I first met Willie Wolfe and Russ Little at one of these film meetings—Willie was leading a discussion after a film on prison struggles. It was the same film showing I invited Bill and Emily to when I first met them.

**If some escaped con needed help, were we gonna say, "Well, sorry, brother, there's really too much heat around our pad"? Hell, no!**

### Fall of 1972-Spring of 1973: The Prison Collective

*Joe:* In October of '72, a Chino, California, prison escape came down where one guard was killed and one seriously wounded, and the police tied it to Venceremos, so people's houses were getting broken into pretty regularly. The FBI would break in at night and wake people up yelling, "The revolution is over!" and shit like that.

*Emily:* Eventually the heat became so intense on Venceremos that it just couldn't operate any longer—the tension of the police harassment and infiltration caused a lot of internal divisions—so the whole organization just collapsed. After that several of us on the fringes of Venceremos—about 12 people—formed what we called a prison collective to tie our work with the convicts inside to the problems of their families outside, helping with transportation, child care, legal assistance, things like that. That collective fell apart, too, due to a general apathy on the part of some of the people, but six of us—Willie, Angela, Joe, Bill, Russ and me—wanted to keep on working together. We started to feel each other out about some more clandestine types of activities. It started kind of slowly, with Willie asking if we had ever considered helping someone escape, even if it just meant hiding them out. All six of us had to consider what we were really committed to doing. Our sense of security wouldn't let us open up to each other right away, so we started dropping hints like "What do you know about getting a faked driver's license?" We were getting tighter and tighter together. We went target shooting a lot on weekends or when we weren't working, and shared ideas on guerrilla warfare and the underground in this country.

*Bill:* Now the prisons come in and you realize a jump forward where you're relating to people who are helping you to understand that the time for talk has been kind of coming to an end and that certain things have to be moved forward. You know, like you can talk for the rest of your life or you can begin to move in a particular direction to attempt to escalate things. I mean, if some escaped con needed help, were we gonna say, "Well sorry, brother, there's really too much heat around our pad. I don't think you should come over. Good luck—see how you can do on your own"? Hell no! All six of us wanted to be more prepared, so we decided to rent a cheap apartment that we could keep cool for such emergencies, or even use just to meet with each other.

*Joe:* Also there's a rule that you can visit only one person in the entire California prison system. That was a hassle, so we decided to get around it by getting IDs under different names, and we rented another apartment to use as a mail address.

### March 1973: Cinque's Escape from Soledad, the Catalyst for the SLA

*Emily:* This was all happening in the late summer and fall of 1973. Bill and I did not know Cin at the time, but Russ and Willie had known him at Vacaville. Cin's escape from Soledad on March 5, 1973, was really the catalyst for the SLA. Cin escaped alone and on foot—a guard who was supposed to be watching him while he "worked on the heating system" got



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lazy, and Cin saw the opportunity he'd been waiting for. He jumped over a barbed-wire and chain-link fence and ran 13 or 14 miles at a slow jog. Every time he'd hear a car coming or spotted its lights in the distance, he'd jump into the brush at the side of Highway 101. By daylight he had gotten to Gonzales, where some strangers gave him clothes and food. Willie drove down and brought him back to Oakland. That spring, Willie was living in a loose commune on Chabot Road with Russ Little and some other people, and was afraid the house might be hot because several of them had known Cin in prison. Russ had even sent a letter to his parole officer. Willie arranged for Cin to move into Mizmoon's apartment. She had been active in the Bay Area women's movement but wasn't mixed up with the prisons, so Willie figured the police wouldn't be likely to look there for an escaped con.

*Bill:* Cin was really self-reliant. At first it wasn't possible for him to go to the shooting range or out to the country to practice with a gun. So he'd stand in front of a mirror for hours just aiming at his image. As a result, when he did finally go out with Mizmoon and Nancy, he was the best shot even though they'd had a lot more target practice. In another case, after Russ and Joe got busted, the SLA had to break off contact with the support unit that used to make carbines into automatics, so Cin rented some welding equipment and decided to learn to do it himself. He welded for 12 hours, fucking up constantly—he didn't know the right mixture of oxygen and acetylene—but he kept trying and he finally figured it out.

People looked up to him. He had a sense of survival that most folks don't even approach.

*Emily:* Cin was like a lot of men who haven't had much exposure to conscious women; but he was open to struggling around his attitudes. One of the first things he said when I met him later was that I should challenge him on his sexism. And he certainly wasn't dominant in political discussions. The only time he'd get excited is when he thought someone hadn't really internalized some aspect of racism. He usually talked less than anyone else.

I think he felt like he'd missed out on a lot of things being in prison, so he put in more time listening to other people. He was in a hurry. He felt like 30 years of his life were gone and now he was going to do it. In a way, impatience was one of the biggest problems for all of us, but Cin wouldn't even sleep—always thinking, writing, plotting. He'd get up after three hours with everybody yelling at him to get back in bed or he'd die of exhaustion. He was a really committed person. After Cin's escape, he shared his ideas with Willie and Mizmoon. He wanted to form an underground group that could carry out clandestine operations against the state. I didn't know him then,

On the night of November 6, 1973, an ex-con turned revolutionary, Donald DeFreeze, waited in the bushes outside the Oakland School District Headquarters (lower left). In the parking lot, two women, Nancy Ling Perry (upper left) and Patricia (Mizmoon) Soltysk (upper right), fired several cyanide bullets, killing Marcus Foster, the Oakland School Superintendent (lower right). Within days, a group calling itself the Symbionese Liberation Army released a communique claiming responsibility for the assassination. It was the first time the SLA hit the news. Today, the four surviving members of the guerrilla unit consider the Foster murder a "serious mistake." "The action scared people away," says Remiro.

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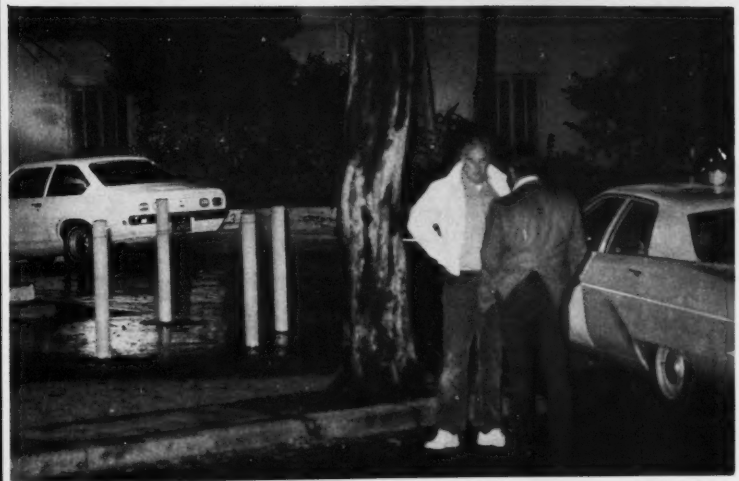
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but I do remember seeing him at a meeting around Wounded Knee. He was slowly getting to know people and make contacts. One of these folks was Nancy Ling Perry.

I did not get to know either Nancy or Mizmoon well until after Russ and Joe got busted, and then we never talked about their backgrounds much because we were struggling to survive. But I do know that Nancy felt a lot of solidarity with the black liberation struggle. She had lived with Gilbert Perry, a black jazz pianist and composer, and had visited several brothers in prison. Mizmoon worked as a janitor at the Berkeley Public Library and had done a lot of organizing with the city employees to get more women hired to city jobs. Willie had been on the periphery of Venceremos like most of us, organizing around community issues, teaching self-defense classes and participating in study groups. His main political work was in the prisons, providing a link between progressive convicts and the movement on the streets.

Camilla Hall did not join that original group until after the Foster operation. She was a beautiful artist and a poet and was a close friend and lover of Mizmoon. Because Camilla was a lesbian, I think a lot of women wonder why she would join a group like the SLA that was made up of men as well as women, but Camilla was not a separatist. She enjoyed working with women and she felt that the methods of the women's struggle had to be expanded. She didn't feel that working with men on that level would interfere with her lesbian-feminist ideals because she believed that women's oppression did not exist in isolation from the oppression of other people.

## June 1973: The Birth of the SLA

*Bill:* Nancy, Willie, Mizmoon and Cin decided to try to draft a program of revolutionary ideas and objectives for a multinational organization. They took the program around and showed it to a lot of community people and a few Bay Area organizations. They got a really mixed reaction to it—most people didn't feel it was practical to try to form multiracial units. At this point, they developed the concept of the Symbionese Federation—autonomous combat units that would operate underground (Symbionese Liberation Army) and an aboveground political support infrastructure. At the same time they started training and getting supplies and equipment.

*Bill:* They didn't take the classical Marxist-Leninist approach to revolutionary struggle. The people who made up the SLA were influenced by the interplay between Marxism, revolutionary nationalism and revolutionary feminism. The SLA was based on the need to develop a guerrilla front with the idea that armed actions along with aboveground political organizing educates and mobilizes people in support of revolution, and on the belief that we don't need to wait for a vanguard party to lead us. The SLA saw the idea of federation among many diverse, autonomous groups as an alternative form of organization to the party.

*Emily:* You have to see urban guerrilla warfare as a response. It doesn't grow out of a vacuum. It isn't pulling straws and saying, "Let's try this and see if it works." It's a build-up of things—people do not believe in violence or in doing violent things unless they are forced to do it in one way or another.

*Bill:* The idea was that when a new combat cell federated with the SLA, it would function independently except in the case of mutually agreed upon joint action. The War Council was envisioned as consisting of two representatives from each combat unit who would be responsible for coordinating joint operations. New units

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would receive material support if it was needed but would be encouraged to develop their own support infrastructure.

*Russ:* The main difference between the federation concept and the original idea was that the federation took into account the antagonisms and distrust that exist among progressive people in this country, and allowed each group to retain its autonomy and self-reliance while still being able to coordinate activities with other groups around common needs and objectives. It leaves space for revolutionary nationalists to retain a separate stance but still work with other units. The same would apply for revolutionary women separatists and also for groups with different political philosophies—as long as there was a basic belief in the necessity to use armed force to destroy U.S. corporate fascism. Each individual unit was free to determine its particular composition and structure. In other words, you could conceivably have units composed of revolutionary blacks or Chicanos or native Americans or Puerto Ricans or whites or women or men or gays or Marxists or anarchists.

*Bill:* Cin went off to train with a group of revolutionary Black Nationalists for a while and considered staying with them. He didn't feel it was his responsibility to work with white revolutionaries, but it was a question of who was able to start moving on a military-political level the quickest—that's why he went back to Willie, Nancy and Mizmoon. Actually the blacks he had stayed with became a part of the Symbionese Federation later, and were in the process of getting a black SLA combat unit together. Cin intended to join that unit once they got organized and were ready to move. In the meantime, he was working with the original group and with the support network they were recruiting.

The situation was the exact opposite of the usual relationship between black and white activists. When the SLA jumped off, the combat unit was composed of mostly young whites from middle-class families, while a majority of the support infrastructure was lower-class blacks.

## November 6, 1973: The Marcus Foster Assassination

*Emily:* The conviction of Joe Remiro and Russell Little for the killing of Marcus Foster was a total frame-up. Neither Joe, Russ, Angela, Bill nor I was even in the SLA at the time of the Foster assassination. We first heard of the Foster shooting from reading daily newspaper accounts, but after Joe and Russ' capture, members of the SLA told us what had happened. It was the first public action by the SLA. Marcus Foster and Robert Blackburn were chosen as targets because they were the main proponents of a Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) pilot program to link up educational institutions with police agencies. It involved police units patroling the Oakland schools with shotguns; a photo ID program where students would be required to present their IDs on request and could be detained for questioning if they refused; and a biographical-dossier program where information on students could be fed into national computer banks in an attempt to predict, categorize and remove any "troublemakers." The lives and well-being of the students were at stake—the program was really a means of herding "problem kids" out of the schools and into the prisons. No matter how you look at it, an armed presence in the schools is just the beginning in teaching conditioned acceptance to the occupation of whole communities.

**Cin would stand in front of a mirror for hours just aiming at his image**

*Russ:* The program was supposed to be implemented by setting up an extensive spy system at each of seven pilot schools under the command of a former police lieutenant, with each school under the supervision of a former police sergeant. The system was to be coordinated with a probation department, youth authority (youth prison), juvenile hall and the Oakland Police Department—all of which had a hand in training these informants (they called them monitors) at each school and in sharing and contributing to the bio-dossiers (composite files) of each student. In the LEAA documents that we saw at our trial, these agencies, along with the schools themselves, are euphemistically called "youth-serving agencies," and it was explained that "centralization and coordination is necessary" in order to maintain control.

*Bill:* I found out much later that Nancy, Mizmoon and Cin were the ones who carried out the action. They had to station themselves in a position where Foster and Blackburn would pass them going to their car after the school board meeting on November 6. Cin stationed himself off to the side in some bushes as backup in case they needed help. Both Nancy and Mizmoon had cyanide bullets in their guns, and as soon as Foster and Blackburn walked by, they fired at them. Mizmoon shot Foster, but Nancy missed almost completely and hit Blackburn in the arm. As he ran out of the range of their handguns, Cin seriously wounded him with a shotgun blast.

Patty has testified that it was Mizmoon, Nancy and Cin who shot Foster and Blackburn, which supports Joe and Russ' innocence. But then she lied and said that Joe and Russ were in a car outside as backup. It was real indicative of the whole Hearst mentality the way Patricia threw Russ and Joe in as an afterthought. We had talked with Patty for over a year about how they were innocent, especially when they were on trial in Sacramento. It was as if Bailey couldn't allow her version to let Russ and Joe off the hook. Bailey is operating as a defense lawyer for the Hearsts with a prosecutor's mentality against all of us.

Willie and Cin really felt bad after Joe and Russ were charged with the Foster assassination, because Willie had loaned the SLA one of Joe's handguns to use, and afterwards Cin had tried to modify the identifying characteristics before Willie returned it to Joe. It is obvious now that any gun used in the Foster thing should have been destroyed, especially one that could implicate someone who wasn't involved.

*Emily:* We first learned about the Foster assassination in the *Oakland Tribune.* When we heard it was done by revolutionaries, we were really excited. We felt that it was a broadening of revolutionary tactics in this country. That night we went out and bought all the *Tribunes* we could get our hands on to send the communiqué to our friends. It was only a lot later, after we saw the community's overwhelmingly negative reaction, that we stopped to seriously analyze it. It became pretty obvious that the SLA had made a serious error in using the tactic of assassination at all around the Foster program, and they definitely misjudged the way the community would respond to it.

*Joe:* At first I felt very supportive about the whole thing, and from what I found out during Russ' and my trial, the Foster program was far more vicious than the SLA had even indicated in their communiqué. Killing Foster put a quick stop to the intended program, but, in effect, it subverted the spontaneous opposition of students, parents and teachers to the program. There had been student strikes, petitions, leaflets and a lot of hell raising

at school board meetings. At our trial, there was testimony that the program was being pushed through regardless of all the community opposition. Even though the action taken by the SLA temporarily stopped the program, it didn't aid in building more opposition or in drawing more attention to what was coming down; the action scared people away. People were not ready to support something like that. Those who had been publicly calling Foster a fascist pig started making statements about what a good guy he had been, not because they believed it but because they were afraid of being identified with the people who shot him.

Before and during our trial, neither Russ nor I wanted to publicly criticize the action. The SLA was being attacked by people on the Left who saw a chance to legitimize themselves in the eyes of the state. We didn't care to legitimize ourselves or in any way be identified with those fools on the Left—we certainly didn't want to be used by them to attack the SLA. No one was making any objective criticisms of the action at the time. We threw people out of the visiting room at the jail who wanted us to denounce the assassination as a condition for supporting our defense. We knew that we could have filled the courtroom with these jive leftists if we were willing to mimic their opportunist politics, but we were much happier with guerrilla support and a few strong folks in the courtroom. We were innocent of the charges without attacking the SLA and only accepted support on that basis.

*Russ:* I think one of the main problems that became clear with the Foster killing was the "vanguard" mentality of the SLA: the idea that revolutionaries have to take action *for* people—lead them—whether people understand it or not. It's a paternalistic attitude. People in the SLA knew that Foster's program was a prototype and figured they could stop it by killing him and Blackburn and scaring the school board. But it would have been better in the long run to have slowly intensified action starting with broken office windows, spray-painting the walls, firebombing the school board offices and then bombing the local LEAA office.

### December 1973: A Second SLA Unit Is Formed

*Bill:* After Willie had gotten a sense from Emily, Angela, Russ, Joe and me that we wanted to move in the same general direction as the SLA and that we supported the Foster action, he brought us the SLA documents about the federation to read and discuss. Then he asked us if we wanted to meet with the SLA. He didn't say, "I'm in the SLA." He just said, "I'm in contact with the SLA." It wasn't till later that we learned he was a member. We were really kind of surprised because before this Willie had never let on about anything. I can even remember asking him if he had read the Foster communiqué and he answered me in such a way that suggested he was as surprised by the whole thing as we were.

*Joe:* We were taken to the Concord house for this meeting. Russ came over to Bill and Emily's house about 8:00 in the morning. We all walked around the corner to the Safeway supermarket and got into a van that was waiting in the parking lot. Bill, Emily, Angela and I got into the back of the van because, as a security procedure, we had no need to know where the meeting was being held. Russ got into the front with the woman who was driving. I later found out that she was Nancy Ling Perry. When we got to the house, there were three SLA members—Cin, Fahizah (Nancy) and Zoya (Mizmoon)—those were the only names we were given. Willie had gone back East to see his family, so Russ was acting as our liaison.

**Both Nancy and Mizmoon had cyanide bullets in their guns, and as soon as Foster and Blackburn walked by they fired at them**

At the initial meeting, we were asked to think about how we wanted to participate. We basically considered two alternatives—to continue as an aboveground collective and provide money, information, technical support and criticism to the SLA; or we could form another combat unit. We talked about it a lot and decided we were too hot to be a support group. We had all been associated, one way or another, with Venceremos. And we were all visiting prisoners whom the state considered a threat because of their political beliefs. We felt that we would just bring heat down on the SLA, and possibly get them busted. So we decided to form another combat unit.

### The Last SLA Meeting at the Concord Safe House

*Russ:* Our last meeting was on New Year's Eve. We sat around drinking beer and wine, talking one-to-one, listening to records and just generally getting to know one another. The next day we had a serious discussion about our plans. Before coming to the meeting, we had decided amongst ourselves that it would be best for our unit to move out of Oakland and use the IDs we had gotten to change our identities completely. We thought San Jose might be a good place to go. Between that meeting and Joe's and my bust on January 10, 1974, we were making plans to split. Bill and Emily were still working at the time. Emily was a secretary and Bill worked in the post office. They were making good money—about $900 a month—so Angela and Joe were going to make the move first. We wanted to rent a house with a garage because Joe was a mechanic and he wanted to work on cars out of the garage—you know, kind of a "people's" repair service. When they had everything set up, Emily, Bill and I would go down and join them.

### January 10, 1974: Russ and Joe's Bust

*Joe:* Russ and I had to go back to the house in Concord one more time to tell the other folks our final plans. They had showed us all a carbine that had been converted into a fully automatic machine gun, and they were going to give us drawings and an explanation of how to do that. When I got in the van, Russ told me to reach in back and check out what was there. I pulled out a bag with leaflets in it—multicolored SLA leaflets. We had talked about how if we were going to be two autonomous units, we needed something to identify ourselves besides a name. We decided we'd have a leaflet made up that could not be easily duplicated that we would use for authentication of our actions.

*Russ:* There was no excuse for the bust. The SLA should never have had a safe house in Concord, because we didn't fit into that middle-class suburban community. There were nosy neighbors with nine to five jobs who were really suspicious of anyone who wasn't exactly like them. The thought that went into getting a house there was wrong—people figured that with all the drug raids and police harassment in places like Berkeley and Oakland, a community like Concord would be safer.

Joe and I had never lived in the suburbs, so we didn't realize that driving around at 1:30 a.m. on a week night would look suspicious—in the city we were used to coming home late. The cop who stopped us wasn't particularly look-

ing for the SLA, he just liked to fuck with young, hip-looking people. The lights and everything on the car were in proper working order, and the irony of the whole thing is that in our trial the cop said that was why he pulled us over—it was suspicious to him that everything on a van that old would be working! After he checked our licenses, the cop ordered Joe out of the van. He started to pull his gun as Joe was getting out, so Joe pulled his too. The cop got off the first two shots, but luckily Joe wasn't hit and was able to fire back.

*Joe:* After our bust the Concord house was set on fire because Cin, Nancy and Mizmoon were worried that someone would connect the van with the house before they had time to move everything out. They poured gasoline over everything, but the ventilation was so bad that the fire went out. The fire department report we saw at our trial says that if one window had been left open the house would have been destroyed in minutes.

*Emily:* Almost immediately after the bust the people in both cells were identified—the van that Joe and Russ were busted in was registered in Nancy's real name and she was identified as the person who had rented the house. Willie, Angela, Bill and I were suspected because of our friendship with Russ and Joe—all of us had lived with Joe at one time or another, plus Russ had shown Duge his fake ID and we all had IDs sent to that same address—which was really stupid in retrospect. Mizmoon and Cin were then linked up when Chris Thompson* snitched on them. So right from the get-go we each lost our anonymity.

*Russ:* Unfortunately, the folks in the house had to split so quick they weren't sure if they had left any materials that could have linked up other people in the federation, so the SLA was forced to cut loose the infrastructure of support people they had developed. It just happened too soon. We were two months away from having it together—in two months the organization would have been a lot stronger. Instead, after our bust, the SLA was in the most insecure position it had ever been in, and yet the group jumped into the heaviest action this country has ever seen.

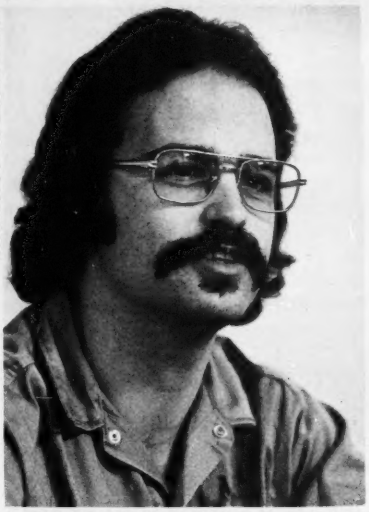
*One of the people who lived at the Chabot Road Commune.

## February 4, 1974: Patricia Hearst Is Kidnapped from her Apartment in Berkeley

*Russ:* At first we were surprised that they would do anything like the kidnapping because we figured they would just be trying to survive and regroup. Sure, we were high off the action. The dudes we were with in San Quentin's Adjustment Center got off on it. They stayed up all that night celebrating—singing and yelling and beating on the walls and bars.

But as far as kidnappings go, it's always better to snatch someone who is a righteous pig. In that sense, it would have been better to get Randy or Catherine, but, at the time, an action of that type was beyond what the SLA could have realistically pulled off. I mean, Patricia just lived in Berkeley like any other student, while her parents lived in a fancy suburb, surrounded by security.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM ZIMBEROFF/CONTACT



Bill & Emily Harris: "We learned about the Foster assassination in the *Oakland Tribune*. That night we bought all the *Tribunes* we could get our hands on to send the communique to our friends."

*Joe:* If they had just hidden out and kept track of what was happening for a few months, they would have realized that the whole SLA support infrastructure was still secure and together. Things had been growing rapidly from right after the Foster assassination until we got busted. They could have rebuilt their ties with the federation, gotten some new IDs and safe houses and had things back together in six months time. I think they let their impatience get the best of them.

*Emily:* Looking back I think many of the problems and shortcomings of the SLA arose out of the failure to build an adequate infrastructure before jumping off into a major action like the Hearst kidnapping. That overall weakness was what caused the group to always be on the run—a very unsettled and dangerous position to be in. The police agencies were pursuing with a vengeance because of the terrific impact of the kidnapping and food giveaway, and the SLA wasn't capable of dealing with the aftermath. The isolation that resulted led to some of the other errors. The SLA really suffered from a lack of feedback from outside the group.

## Self-Criticism

*Emily:* One of the main criticisms that I have was how the SLA got caught up in a sensationalized portrayal of the organization through the media. Revolutionaries can't do that—they have to keep their ideas and their actions grounded in reality. I think in some ways the drama of the whole thing even discouraged people. They began to see the SLA as such a fantasy that the group lost its potential for motivating other people to act and participate in some form of revolutionary struggle.

The SLA put out this image of themselves as much more sophisticated, much more powerful than they actually were. There was a serious discussion of all this within the group because of a communiqué that Joe and Russ put out from prison. It said that they thought the whole idea of Nancy calling Cinque a prophet was really ridiculous and that the SLA was getting too arrogant. That initiated a lot of self-criticism within the SLA. But the SLA never gave other people a sense that they were learning anything from these errors.

*Joe:* We were principled and comradely, but we had to point out that although we loved them, we were revolutionaries before we were members of the SLA. What we saw bothered us because it was leading in a direction that we had seen

destroy other groups in the past. What was maybe the most self-destructive error made by the SLA was that although they initially meant to use the media for revolutionary ends, they underestimated its controlling power and eventually became so completely tied up by it that they lost all contact with reality outside of an artificially staged media context. Working within the context of the corporate media can be as overpowering and destructive as working within the system. The media subtly turned the SLA into a performing act that could be depended upon for regular bits of sensationalism. They got to the point of performing with less and less regard for political content or personal safety.

*Emily:* It became clear that in the Bay Area the black community was overall the most supportive of the food program and that many folks on the streets were talking about Cin as some sort of hero. The SLA sensed this and instead of keeping their good sense of what leadership means—leadership by example—they responded by trying to give people their hero.

*Bill:* Revolutions need direction and exemplary leadership, but not heroes. Heros subvert the fact that change comes about by lots of people taking action. What good is a hero if that makes everyone just sit around feeling inadequate and waiting for some revolutionary "superstar" to do everything for them?

The idea of doing tape recordings instead of written communiqués came from a desire to project the members of the SLA as real people—to humanize the whole process and make it less abstract. That was the initial intention, but it definitely got turned around, mostly by the SLA members themselves. They began to project a kind of cold militarism with all the military titles and the release of certain aspects of the program, especially the Codes of War. It's especially weird that this happened because, as revolutionaries, we stood against authoritarianism and hierarchy and the militaristic orientation toward discipline for discipline's sake. Yet, for the effects of propaganda, the SLA projected some of the very qualities that the group, as revolutionaries, opposed.

*Emily:* The militarism was macho and alienating. It's ironic that this propaganda ploy, used to project a false strength to the police, actually undercut the real strengths and leadership that was being shown by the women in the group and fed into the ridiculous line that Cin was a tyrant who was followed obediently by the women.

*Joe:* We weren't into any kind of leadership bag before Russ and I were busted. Then all of a sudden Angela becomes a general and after the L.A. shootout Patty says Bill is "in charge." Of three people? That shocked us! Before, we all just exercised leadership in areas where we had the most practical understanding, and we didn't feel any need to call anyone the "leader."

*Russ:* We felt the whole taped communiqué #8—the one where Hearst announced that she was joining—showed an unbelievable amount of arrogance. It really bothered us much more than we let on—we felt it was the culmination of a lot of negative trends that had developed and hoped our criticisms would bring them back to reality. We knew they were temporarily high off Patty's decision to join, but we were hoping they would just kick back and reflect.

*Bill:* That whole business with the death warrants that came out in that tape was totally screwed up. The worst thing about it was that the SLA called Robyn Steiner a police agent based on some misinformation, when in fact she hadn't done anything and she actually knew nothing to give away anyway. There just wasn't any investigation before putting out something as serious as that, and that was inexcusable, considering that a woman's life was put in jeopardy. And even after Russ and Joe criticized the SLA for this serious error, the charge was never publicly retracted — another mistake. People shouldn't be denounced as police agents unless it has been proven conclusively.

**Although the SLA meant to use the media for revolutionary ends, they underestimated its controlling power and . . . lost all contact with reality**

*Russ:* We really freaked out when we heard that Robyn had been named as an informer—shit, she didn't even have the knowledge they said she did and we knew she was under all kinds of harassment from the pigs and that she was being *very* cool. Picture this—here's this woman that I had lived with over two years and loved with all my heart and my best friends put out a death warrant on her. It was like a nightmare!

*Joe:* Letting Hearst stay was another example of the media effect taking precedence over more important considerations. Everyone realized her decision was a real propaganda coup for the SLA—here she was joining all these so-called terrorists who had kidnapped her out of the arms of her lover. But we remembered when we had joined—the SLA was real careful about how solid our political commitment and understanding was. You'd have to look a long way to find any more dedicated folks. There were a lot of people who would have joined the SLA if we had approached them—people whom we met through the aboveground political work we were doing, but we never dealt with them because we knew they were flaky (they've proved it since our bust). The SLA would go to great pains to make sure someone's commitment was not based on romanticism or adventurism—we had talked about that a lot.

*Russ:* They had a big session before our cell decided to join—questioning, particularly, the couple in the group. You know, if they were joining just to be able to stay with their partner and whether if one of them decided to leave or got captured or killed, what would they do. It's obvious now and should have been obvious then that there's no way in hell Hearst was ready to become a guerrilla. She was basically an apolitical person from a ruling class background entering a fugitive, guerrilla-type existence, and her decision could not have been based on a full knowledge of what that meant. What they should have done was send her home and let her tell her story to the press. We never expected her parents to cough up that other $4 million if she went back home, and that would have been very educational for her and a lot of other folks too.

*Bill:* The SLA wanted to project what a relatively small group of people can do—that we are not as powerless as we are led to believe. The impact of SLA actions proved this point, but it would have been driven home even more if the whole mystique of the SLA had been dealt with. The SLA was not an army, but they chose that name because they anticipated the need to build the nucleus of a future people's army. Things like that should have been explained and put into perspective. If there was no people's court, then the SLA shouldn't have referred to one. The SLA should have placed the underground in its proper context as one facet of a prolonged struggle waged on many levels, legal and illegal.

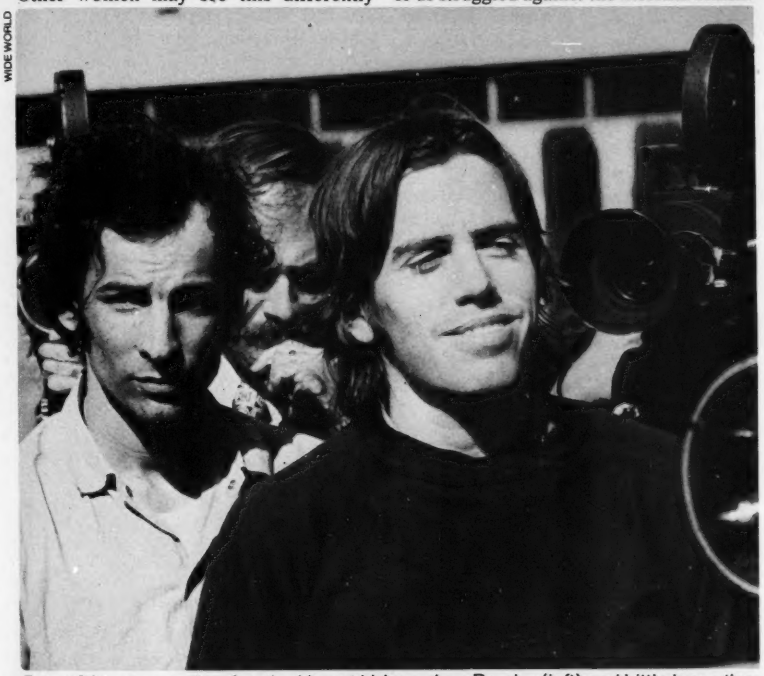
The SLA also started directing too much of their language at the pigs and at the Left. Distinctions were not clearly made, so a couple of times white folks in

general were denounced when in fact the SLA meant to direct their criticisms at the opportunistic whites in the Left.

## Sexism and the SLA

*Emily:* Certain segments of the Left tend to box in and minimize the importance of struggling against sexism—it's seen as a side issue or a separate issue or something that can be dealt with at some future date. But for me, sexism is the form of oppression that I've felt the most directly. Other women may see this differently because of their different experiences, but the fact remains that sex, race and class are intertwined—to understand and fight against one we've got to fight all three. Any group of men and women has macho tendencies and will place only token importance on women's needs and interests unless the women themselves make them a priority and move the group in that positive direction. Failure to do this was clearly a weakness among the folks I worked with in Venceremos, and it was carried over into the SLA. After the Hearst kidnapping the SLA was putting most of its time and energy into just trying to survive. The shared experience made all of us incredibly close, but we never really had the opportunity to refine our ideas together—in particular, how we collectively weighted the importance of women's oppression in relation to race and class oppression. Therefore, our role as women within the group was somewhat unclear. We came from very diverse experiences. Nancy was mistrustful of any focus on women's liberation. She was very aware of the resentments and frustrations of black women who felt that many feminists ignored the problems of being black and poor. Mizmoon and Camilla shared a belief that the development of revolutionary strategy necessitated a focus by women on women's liberation. Angela and I were more ambivalent about how we felt at the time. All of us struggled against the internal sexism of the group and we all agreed that women must play active roles in everything we did—that our leadership capabilities were crucial to the overall strength of the group. We felt that the examples women set through the SLA's actions could help break down the narrowness of women's roles in society. But because we had not yet developed a unified perspective about the special goals of the women's struggle, this was an obvious gap in the SLA's propaganda.

From knowing those four sisters, I'm sure if they were still alive their political evolution would have progressed in the way mine has, and we could all work together. For women to be free, to be themselves, and play whatever role they choose in rebuilding a new society, the struggle against sexism can't progress just within the narrow framework of one-to-one struggles between men and women or by a few women achieving token leadership. It's got to be fought by developing a strategy to expose and destroy all forces that use sexism to divide us and pacify us.



WIDE WORLD

Feb. 1974: two weeks after the Hearst kidnapping, Remiro (left) and Little leave the courthouse after being charged with the murder of Marcus Foster.

## From Marxism to Anarchism

*Russ:* I think it's fair to say that the SLA generated more spontaneous support because of the Hearst kidnapping/food giveaway—propaganda of the deed—than any revolutionary organization in this country. The demand for free food underlined the polarization between the rich and the poor and drew over 30,000 people into the action. Poor and hungry people everywhere identified with the SLA. Millions of people read and heard what the SLA had to say and were politicized in varying degrees.

The SLA actions presented white revolutionaries, especially women, in a positive role. It's very important to give white folks a positive example—revolution can't be viewed as something only for blacks and other non-white peoples.

When thinking about what the SLA accomplished, we've also got to remember that it was only 10 guerrillas—10 people who took the most powerful state in the world to task. What if it had been 100 guerrillas or 1,000? The fact that our six comrades were killed and the four of us are captives is not due to the invincibility of the state, but to our own mistakes and impatience. There's no doubt in my mind that the SLA proved the validity of urban guerrilla warfare as a military/political strategy for furthering the revolutionary struggle.

*Joe:* Those who allowed subjective political prejudices to blind them from seeing the SLA's victories as well as their mistakes in an objective light have missed a valuable learning experience. People who act like they've never made a mistake are either lying or sitting on their pompous theoretical asses.

*Emily:* The four of us are the last remaining members of the SLA. But this isn't really demoralizing to us because the number of underground revolutionary groups has grown and many of these groups are operating in a way that will insure their continued survival. Mistakes are unavoidable at this stage, but it's inexcusable not to learn from your mistakes. Many of the principles of the SLA are shared by other groups, and in that sense the spirit of the SLA will always be carried on, no matter what the name of the group or organization.

A lot of people in the Left feel that the underground is premature—that

there are still legal options open to people and that an underground isn't necessary until all these options have been subverted. But we have seen that people's options are being continually undermined. When their efforts become a threat to the status quo, they're wiped out, locked up, neutralized and/or bought off the way the early women's movement was after the turn of the century, the way a lot of labor struggles were during the Thirties, and the way the Civil Rights movement, the antiwar movement and the Black Panthers were in the Sixties. We feel that the underground needs to be developed as a force—to be building its skills and refining its political perspective so that as legal methods for change are cut off, we won't be caught off guard and unprepared. Violence in this country isn't unique to the revolutionary underground. There's been state-initiated and sanctioned violence against people in the United States ever since this country was first colonized, and people have been forced to turn to their own forms of violence to counter that throughout history. Revolutionary violence is simply a response—an extreme measure to counter extreme conditions. But I don't think that people will fully accept the use of violence until they've seen, through their own experience, the nature of the force against them, and realize there's something we can do about it.

*Bill:* We never had the sense that the SLA was the vanguard of revolutionary struggle in this country. Ain't no way that a handful of people are going to make a revolution by themselves. But we had a strong feeling that we were contributing to the process of revolution, trying to put ideas into practice so that people (including ourselves) could learn from the process, criticize and evaluate it so it could be better in the future. We felt that certain tactics had to be tested and developed and their potentials for success be demonstrated.

*Joe:* When Russ and I joined the SLA we were going through some political changes based on our experiences working with different factions of the Left. We were as alienated from party centralism as from the state control we experienced in our everyday lives. In reviewing the internal political documents of the SLA, we now see that they contain two contradictory tendencies between authoritarian and anti-authoritarian perspectives. The SLA has been criticized for making a poor attempt at Marxist-Leninist politics when, in fact, they were consciously moving away from those politics.

*Russ:* We were originally attracted to revolutionary politics because of our desire for a truly classless communist society, where people control all aspects of their own lives and where "from each according to their abilities, to all according to their needs" is a reality on all levels—socially, sexually, emotionally, as well as economically.

For quite a while we were fully disillusioned with the Marxist parties and their sectarian political lines, but none of us had been exposed to anarcho-communist theory and practice. After our capture and imprisonment, Joe and I began to reexamine our relationship to Marxist politics. For the last year we have been reading everything on anarchism that we could get past the prison censors.

*Joe:* We now feel that all forms of revolutionary organization should act as a catalyst within the popular movement and should be structured in such a way that eventually they can be completely absorbed by the popular movement. We not only believe that people have the ability to create a new society but also that they have the ability to lead themselves. The idea of a "new" dictatorship (even if it's of the proletariat) or of using an assembly line as the model for a "new" society doesn't come close to what we're fighting for. Actually it bears more than a slight resemblance to the kind of oppressive society we intend to change. We want a revolutionary change, not a shift of power—our struggle is for social revolution.

**It's obvious now and should have been obvious then that there's no way in hell Hearst was ready to become a guerrilla. . . . What they should have done was send her home**

### Serving Time

*Russ:* It's not really a question of time—of being able to stand being confined for a certain number of years. Bill and Emily haven't actually been confined in prison yet. There's a world of difference between county jails and state prison. In the Adjustment Center at San Quentin, where I'm held, and at Folsom where Joe is, the question is really one of survival.

The guards at San Quentin tried to set us up right after we were busted by trying to agitate the black prisoners against us, but we had so much support from the convicts in the AC that the guards got pissed and moved us to the strip cells on Death Row. After we were convicted and I was sent back to San Quentin, they put me in a cell between a bunch of blacks and told them "He's one of the guys that killed Foster." When nothing happened, they tried to goad the blacks by saying, "I thought you were a black militant. What's wrong, are you scared of Little?" But the convicts told them to kiss off. Still, with all the madness and violence of prison, I can't imagine being anything but a revolutionary.

*Bill:* We've been asked a lot if we were ever afraid. Hell, yes. There are a lot of things that are scary to anybody but a fool. I can't imagine anyone knowing they could be captured, killed or whatever and not have that wired-up feeling where your adrenalin is flowing, where you feel that anxiety. You can get freaked out in jail too if you let them put you on the defensive. You have to be on the offensive and have a more long-run view to survive in jail and even more so in prison.

*Emily:* I don't plan on spending my life in prison. Since we got busted, there have been some hours and days when I felt really down, and kind of isolated—I get discouraged, but it never lasts long. We can't waste our lives being bitter. There are just certain things we can do now and a lot we can't do, but our objectives are the same.

*Bill:* There are so many people like me in these god-damned places, these prisons, so many people that have been killed, that we're just like a pebble in a quarry, in terms of the whole historical way of looking at this thing. Another way to look at it is that we spent a long time, over a year and a half, under a whole lot of pressure—nearly two years, about as much pressure as you can be under. This situation doesn't seem hard after that, it just isn't that hard to take. After the Marine Corps, after Vietnam, being in this county jail is not such a big deal. I was ten times more lonely in Vietnam than I have ever been here. It's one thing to be 9,000 miles from home engaged in something you can't relate to, and realize that you are a prisoner, and another to be imprisoned for what you believe in. I felt like a prisoner in Vietnam anyway, and I would have done anything to get out of that place. I don't think this is going to be a bed of roses, I expect things to get worse, I have my bad days, but we can handle it. ●

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Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
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Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
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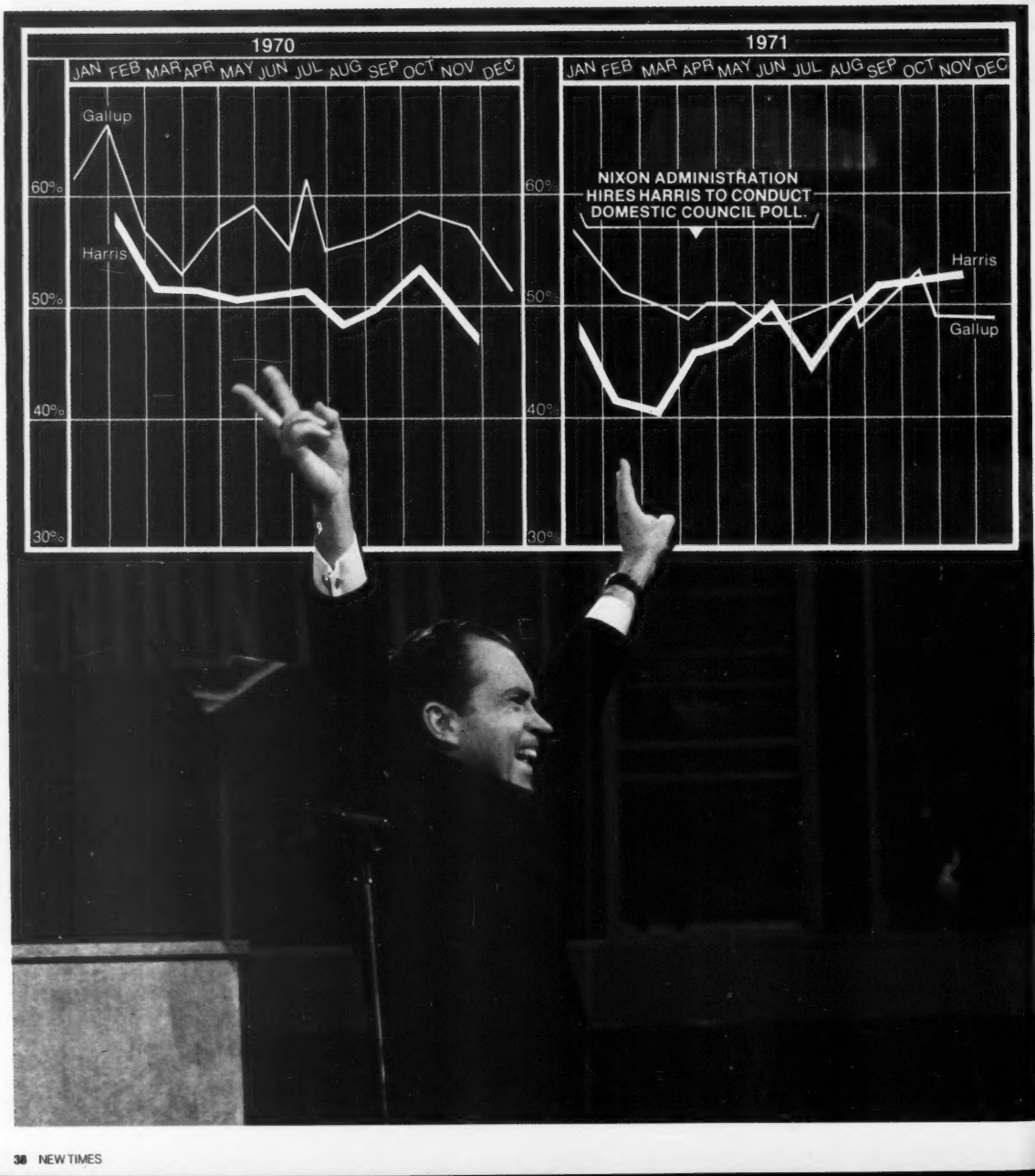


PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Pollsters have set themselves up as virtual spokesmen for the American people. But just how impartial are they? This is the story of how the Nixon White House tried to manipulate the polls – and of how willing some pollsters were to engage in behind-the-scenes politics

# UNHOLY ALLIANCE

**By Michael Wheeler**

*Slipping popularity polls would make most politicians think about improving their image. But when Richard Nixon read a series of unflattering Harris surveys in the fall of 1970, he decided to do something about Lou Harris.*

*Although the '72 election was still two years away, to Nixon's paranoid administration it seemed that liberal establishment enemies were gearing up everywhere. Already, the White House counterattack was underway; wiretaps of newspeople had begun, and soon the President's men would burglarize Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Before the Republican landslide of November 1972, Nixon's men would try almost everything to ensure the perpetuation of their regime. They would vilify Muskie, slander Humphrey, bug Larry O'Brien, threaten the* Washington Post. *And they would try to buy Lou Harris.*

*What follows, an account of the Nixon White House's efforts to bring pollsters into line, is in one sense a revealing postscript to the Nixon Administration's campaign to harass and intimidate Americans into conformity. But more importantly, it shows us in this election year how willingly the supposedly impartial recorders of public opinion engage in behind-the-scenes politics.*

Richard Nixon had every reason to worry about Lou Harris' polls. During 1970, Harris had the President's support slipping from a high of 58 percent down to 48. By contrast, George Gallup had approval of the President in a much higher range, 68 to 53. Harris' rating had run anywhere from one to nine points below Gallup's.

The difference, Nixon suspected, was not a statistical quirk but the result of a deliberate vendetta on Harris' part. Harris had the reputation of being a Democratic partisan, having made his mark by polling for John Kennedy in 1960. In *Six Crises*, Nixon bitterly recalls how Harris' polls were used to fuel a propaganda "blitz" against him in the late stages of that campaign. Two years later Nixon ran for the governorship of California and again encountered Harris, who this time was polling for Pat Brown. Nixon was convinced then that Harris was leaking erroneous polls to hurt him.

By 1968, when Nixon next was a candidate, Harris had given up private political work in favor of his syndicated newspaper survey, but the pollster still managed to step on Nixon's toes. Throughout the campaign, Harris gave Nixon a much smaller lead over Hubert Humphrey than did Gallup, and in a controversial election eve poll, Harris projected a 45 to 41 percent Humphrey margin over Nixon (with the rest going to George Wallace). Nixon won the election, of course, but that did not make his supporters feel the least bit charitable toward Harris. Herb Klein, then Nixon's director of communications, told a meeting of newspaper editors, "Harris ought to be put out of business."

But in late 1970, Nixon decided on a more direct approach to the Harris problem, and instructed Charles Colson to meet with the pollster to find out his explanation for the persistent discrepancy between the Gallup and Harris approval ratings. Given past relations between Harris and the Nixon camp, the stage was hardly set for a congenial meeting between Colson and Harris. Colson, however, held an important trump card. Harris' polling organization had recently been puchased by the brokerage firm of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. Colson, as it happened, was a friend of one of the partners, Dan Lufkin. Colson recalls, "Harris was not very friendly in those days, but Lufkin owned him, and that enabled me to get an audience where at least he would talk to me civilly."

Colson came to New York armed with reams of statistics which ostensibly proved that the Harris survey had a consistent anti-Nixon tilt. Chief among his arguments was the contention that Harris' way of testing presidential support was overly negative. Gallup simply asked, "Do you approve or disapprove of the way Nixon is handling his job?" By contrast, Harris asked, "How would you rate the job President Nixon is doing as president—excellent, pretty good, only fair, or poor?" Responses of "excellent" or "pretty good" were tabulated as positive, while the other two categories were counted as negative ratings.

Colson says, "That's one of the ways I thought he slanted it. If a Vermonter says, 'fair,' that's quite a tribute. For a lot of people, fair at least is neutral, not negative." Colson states that he was able to convince Lufkin, who sat in on the discussion, that Harris' poll was biased, but that Harris himself did not budge. In his book *The Anguish of Change*, Harris alludes briefly to the meeting and describes the exchange as "pointless." During the next six months, Harris' ratings of Nixon continued to run from five to eight points lower than Gallup's.

Colson was both right and wrong in his criticism. There is no authoritative way to test popular support for a president. Indeed, the results turned up by any single question, be it Gallup's or Harris', are bound to be crude. Colson

was correct in seeing that Harris' method of tabulation would be expected to produce a lower measure than did Gallup's, but the two ratings moved up and down more or less in unison. One could not be said to be more accurate than the other.

Although Colson failed to convert Harris that day, his visit marked an important turning point because it opened up communications between the White House and the pollster. In the course of subsequent phone calls and meetings, the relationship became warmer. In Harris' words, "a truce of sorts" was worked out in which he agreed to provide the White House with pre-publication reports of his surveys; in addition, he made himself available to discuss any of his polls. Harris had provided the same service for both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. In return, according to the pollster, "the White House agreed not to send out any emissaries to 'get Harris.' "

Perhaps it should not be surprising that Harris, a former New Frontiersman, would cooperate with the Nixon Administration, for he has always been irresistibly drawn toward power. He takes pride in the fact that in 1960 he sat on "the inner strategy committee" with Joseph, John and Robert Kennedy (a claim some former Kennedy aides dispute). He says that one of his motivations in publishing his newspaper column is to "have some impact with the movers and shakers of the world."

The White House, through Colson, exploited the Harris relationship, calling on him often. Colson says, "We entered sort of an era of cooperation with Lou. We got an awful lot of very helpful advice." Colson was delighted to have the inside word on public opinion, and Harris was pleased to have some influence. Few people in politics or polling were aware that John Kennedy's former pollster was becoming increasingly cozy with Nixon.

In the spring of 1971, John Ehrlichman wanted his Domestic Council to commission an intensive poll on American attitudes about a host of social issues. Government agencies commonly hire pollsters to conduct surveys to be used in planning and making policy, but a poll for the White House itself, particularly with an election year approaching, obviously would be useful for political strategy as well. For a time, the results of the poll were classified as "secret."

A contract for a government poll is a plum that is not handed out casually, and if there was ever an administration that rewarded its friends and got back at its enemies, it was Nixon's. According to Colson, "Ehrlichman's plan for the poll came up in a conversation with the President. I made the point that Harris had been giving us a lot of helpful information. This might be a prestige poll for him. Let's let him do it."

Long before that time, H.R. Haldeman had blacklisted Harris from getting any government work, a fact that horrified Colson: "Despite what you may have read about me, I didn't play the game that way." Ethics aside, Colson was shrewd enough politically to know that you do not make friends with a powerful pollster by cutting him out of profitable business. Nixon ultimately agreed with Colson and decided that Harris should be given the contract.

The deal was consummated in a telephone conversation that Harris regarded as peculiar. According to the pollster, Nixon called and asked whether he would be willing to do the study. "I said yes, but stressed that it had to be objective, that we had to have final say over what goes into it." Nixon replied, "That's no problem, but I do have to ask you one question. In my view you're the best polltaker in the business, but I've always thought you were out to get me." Harris repeatedly assured him that he was not, and Nixon concluded the conversation by saying, "Well, I just want you to know that I am the one who selected you to do this Domestic Council study."

**Before Harris began dealing with the White House, his ratings of Nixon were invariably lower than Gallup's. Thereafter, the disparity vanished. "I'm not going to say that Lou shaded anything," Colson says, "but there was a change"**

It is startling that Harris accepted the offer with no apparent misgivings. When he went into newspaper polling, he announced that he was forsaking all work for private political clients. "It has always been my view that major contributions could be made in both the public and private areas of political research, but that the two in the end are of necessity mutually exclusive." Harris obviously could not purport to write an objective, unbiased newspaper column while still in the pay of a string of Democrats. What would be accurate news for his column might sometimes be bad news for his private clients. Polling for the Republican White House ten years later, especially with Nixon preparing to run for reelection, was no less compromising.

The question of conflict of interest was not just a matter of appearance. During the spring of 1971, when negotiations for the Domestic Council poll were going on, a remarkable shift occurred in Harris' measurement of presidential support. In March, he had reported Nixon's support at 41 percent (compared to Gallup's figure of 50), but in April that jumped to 46 percent, in May to 47 percent and by June it was up to 50. During those same three months, Gallup actually recorded a drop of two points, so for the first time Nixon was doing better in Harris' poll than in Gallup's!

What accounts for this sudden turnaround? Neither Harris nor Gallup altered their respective questions in the slightest. Some people in the White House were convinced that Harris deliberately slanted his figures to make Nixon look better than before.

Colson prefers to put it a bit more gently. "I happen to like Lou as a person. I don't think he's a good pollster or a bad pollster. He is a pollster who does put a slant into his polls by the way he asks questions. After I developed a good personal relationship with him, I discovered remarkably that we started doing better—Harris' polls started coming more in line with Gallup's. I'm not going to say that Lou shaded anything, but there was a change."

The case against Harris must necessarily be circumstantial. If there was an agreement to rig the poll, it certainly was not reduced to writing, and conversations about such things are necessarily oblique (witness, perhaps, Nixon's telephone call to Harris).

Yet the circumstances are damning in and of themselves. Before Harris began dealing with the administration, his ratings of Nixon were invariably lower than Gallup's, sometimes markedly so. Thereafter, the disparity vanished. For all but three weeks of Nixon's last year in office, Harris showed greater support for Nixon than did Gallup.

Perhaps most revealing were Harris' 1973 and 1974 surveys on impeachment, which were very slow to register public support for congressional action. It was not until June of 1974— fully a year after the Ervin Committee hearings and more than six months after the firing of Archibald Cox and the discovery of the 18½-minute gap on the famous tape—that Harris finally reported

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*Michael Wheeler, a professor at The New England School of Law, is the author of* Lies, Damn Lies and Statistics, *to be published this spring.*

a majority favored impeachment.

But were we really so slow to demand a congressional investigation? Were we apathetic all that time? Clearly not. Harris' way of asking the impeachment question made us seem more reticent than we really were. Harris had his interviewers ask people whether they wanted Nixon "impeached and removed from office." Impeachment and removal, of course, are two quite different things. In essence, Harris was asking not whether Nixon should simply be tried but whether he should be tried and hanged!

Pat Caddell, who in 1973 and 1974 was doing a lot of polling for Democratic senators and congressmen, is convinced that Harris' surveys, and others like them, had a stagnating impact on the impeachment process. "It was a very dangerous situation. There were a lot of people in the corridors on the Hill who weren't going to take any action until the majority spoke."

If Harris had asked the right questions, the majority's attitude would have been clearer at a much earlier date. Peter Hart, who polls for both the *Washington Post* and private candidates, says, "The bottom fell out for Nixon long before any of the newspaper polls said it." In his private surveys, Hart asked, "If Congress had to vote today on whether the Senate should hold a trial to determine President Nixon's innocence or guilt on the charges related to Watergate, would you want your Congressman to vote for or against holding this trial?" Hart discovered that when the question was posed that way, far more people expressed support for the impeachment process. Surveys by Caddell and Burns Roper uncovered the same fact.

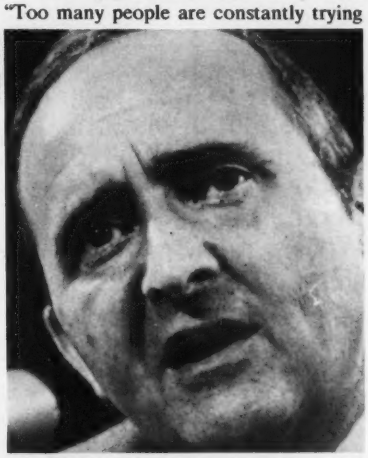
Indeed, Harris himself inadvertently demonstrated the bias of his own question in a survey he released on the eve of Nixon's resignation. For the first time, he reported how people responded to the proposition that "the House of Representatives should vote to impeach President Nixon so that he can be tried in the U.S. Senate." Sixty-six percent said they supported such action, yet when the same people were asked Harris' former question, only 56 percent said that Nixon should be "impeached and removed."

Harris is known in the polling profession as one of the most artful draftsmen of questions, yet until the end he persisted in using a question that significantly understated public support for impeachment.

It is small wonder, then, that the White House regarded Harris as a most valuable ally and rewarded him by allowing him to do other government work. Privately, Harris was providing them with valuable political intelligence, and publicly his newspaper polls were far kinder to Nixon than they had been before. The administration wanted to exploit the relationship still further by using Harris' private surveys for propaganda, and it was here that the pollster balked, for it would have meant that his clandestine association would have been revealed.

Harris' sensitivity on this score was evidenced during his work for the Domestic Council in 1971. Though he had told Nixon that he must have final control over the questionnaire, there actually was a great deal of give and take between the White House and the pollster over just what questions were to be included.

Just before the final questionnaire was to be printed, the White House sent down some additional questions which they insisted be asked. The agree-disagree statements were clearly designed to elicit pro-administration responses: "Too many people are constantly trying to run this country down; instead they should be positive and build up the country." "The government should get rid of its giveaway programs and reduce taxes."



WIDE WORLD

Louis Harris: telling the Nixon Administration what it wanted to hear.

People on Harris' staff were convinced that the questions had been written by Nixon himself; Colson denies this was the case, but other White House sources say that it might have been true. In any event, the White House's motivation was clear: they wanted to be able to exploit a Harris survey showing great support for administration policies. Because of Harris' old Democratic ties, his work would be given much more credence than a survey by a sympathetic Republican pollster.

Harris cleverly protected himself by inserting some agree-disagree questions of his own: "Honest criticism of the country can often lead to real progress." "The day the U.S. doesn't have compassion for the poor and unfortunate is the day that we've lost our national character." For every White House question that would produce a supposed mandate to crack down on dissenters, Harris had another that would show support for their rights.

In fairness, it must be noted that Harris denies this episode ever happened, but his denial is contradicted consistently by the accounts of others who were involved, including not just people in the White House but those on Harris' own staff. The actual questionnaire does indeed include the questions quoted above, as well as others of the same ilk.

The Harris connection was only one strand in a growing web of associations the Nixon White House developed with pollsters. Colson says, "I always had an interest in polls, and found them to be extremely important in politics, both ways, reading public opinion and having an impact in their own right." He reached out to other pollsters, and hardly anyone of consequence escaped his attention. Some were more receptive than others. Daniel Yankelovich spoke to him only by phone, but Samuel Lubell visited the White House for a consultation.

Colson also hoped to develop a fruitful relationship with the Gallup organization, but gave that a much lower priority than his courting of Harris, because Gallup was already thought to be sympathetic. Gallup claims not to have voted in a presidential election since he began polling: "It would be as if the referee at the next Yale-Princeton game announced loudly that he was in favor of Princeton; then everything he does is a little suspect."

Nevertheless, Gallup has long had the reputation of being a Republican partisan, in part because he overestimated the Republican vote in each of the first four presidential elections in which he polled. His error was most conspicuous in 1948, when he forecast a landslide victory for his old friend Tom Dewey. More telling perhaps is the fact that many of his colleagues and employees have worked for Republican candidates. One of his oldest associates, Claude Robinson, ran Nixon's polling operation in 1960, and Robinson's firm, Opinion Research, polled for Nixon in 1968.

During the 1968 campaign, the Nixon people had a source within Gallup's own organization who not only provided them with advance word on the poll's results but also told them when surveys were going to be conducted. With

this latter information, Nixon was able to create a spurt in the Gallup Poll by timing former President Eisenhower's endorsement to come the day before Gallup's interviewers went out in the field. Nixon's jump in the ratings was temporary but critical, because it came on the eve of the Republican Convention and effectively killed off Nelson Rockefeller's candidacy. Rockefeller had not run in the primaries and was trying to win the nomination solely on the ground that the polls would show him to be more electable.

So the Nixon White House saw Gallup as the ideal pollster; it was his figures that set the standard for others, in particular Harris, to meet. Colson wanted to cultivate still further the relationship with the Gallup organization but felt that he could not be the liaison. "I couldn't be the guy who held Lou Harris' hand and got him invited to things, and also do the same thing with Gallup, so I got Dwight Chapin to try to develop a personal relationship with the Gallup people so that he could go to them for in-depth information when he needed it."

Gallup was of some use to the administration. Like Harris, he persisted in asking the wrong question on impeachment: "Do you think President Nixon should be impeached and compelled to leave the presidency or not?" When asked in late 1973 to account for the fact that the vast majority of Americans apparently believed Nixon was implicated in serious crimes but only a minority seemed to favor impeachment, a Gallup spokesman said, "We really haven't gone into that." To Gallup's credit, however, early in the spring of 1974 he scrapped his old question and began to ask about impeachment without linking it to resignation. Immediately it became clear that a majority favored impeachment by the House in order to allow a Senate trial.

The administration's interest in polls was on two quite different levels: they wanted to manipulate the published polls to document their argument that Nixon really was supported by the "silent majority," but they also wanted to get an accurate reading of public opinion for themselves. For this second purpose, the pollster on whom Colson most relied was Albert Sindlinger, who operates out of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Sindlinger polls on political and economic issues for private subscribers who pay up to $5,000 a year to get his service. He now has a syndicated column with Kevin Phillips, the former White House strategist who wrote *The Emerging Republican Majority*. In 1972, Sindlinger polled for a number of television stations. His principal work, however, is for private clients.

Most of the major pollsters—Gallup, Harris, Yankelovich—depend almost entirely on personal interviewing to gather their data. Sindlinger, by contrast, uses only the telephone. Three hundred and sixty-five nights a year his operators dial randomly selected numbers throughout the country and run through a quick litany of questions on the economy and politics. Sindlinger says that his system has two great advantages. First, it allows an instantaneous reading on public opinion. Second, it permits him to monitor the work of his interviewers.

In September 1971, Colson went to visit Sindlinger in Pennsylvania. After much discussion, Sindlinger demonstrated his remarkable polling machine. By flicking switches on a control board, he can eavesdrop on interviews conducted with housewives in Ohio, bankers from Arizona or widowers in Florida. From all across the country, these disembodied voices report on their personal financial condition, then give their political views. At first Colson found the experience eerie, but he soon became absorbed with listening to what the people had to say. By the time the night was over, he was convinced that Sindlinger was the best pollster in the business, a view he still holds today.

**Contrary to the conventional wisdom, Sindlinger says, Nixon had a very good reading of public opinion on Watergate from the outset. But he knew he couldn't nip the issue in the bud by telling all**

After that visit, Sindlinger and Colson formed a close alliance. Colson says, "I dealt with him on a daily basis during the entire year in 1972. The great virtue of his polling is that he could tell you what had come up the night before." Colson says that the information he got from Sindlinger was invaluable. "To me it was one of the secret weapons of Nixon's comeback. If you remember, the nadir of his presidency, to that point, was the summer of '71. Everything seemed to be going wrong. Well, we just started paying closer attention to what it took to gain the public confidence that he needed." According to Colson, the decision to impose the wage-price freeze was based largely on polls that showed it was essential for the President to take forceful action to bring inflation under control.

Sindlinger's polls gave the Nixon Administration the capacity to have an almost instantaneous reading of the public reaction to any question or development. Sindlinger gave advice not just on what Nixon said but on how he said it. Colson recalls, "After a speech, he'd call up and say that Nixon was using the wrong word, or that he'd hurt his credibility by claiming, let's say, that inflation had been licked." Sindlinger met privately with Nixon himself a number of times to give him a firsthand analysis of his strengths and weaknesses.

Sindlinger continued to feed his polls to Colson and the White House well into 1974. The pollster is reticent to talk about his role in this period, but, according to Colson, much of the information he supplied had to do with Watergate. He says that contrary to the conventional wisdom, Nixon had a very good reading of public opinion on Watergate from the outset, but it was impossible for the President to nip the issue in the bud.

It should not be surprising that from the beginning of Nixon's administration to the end, the President and his staff paid so much attention to pollsters and their polls. As a candidate in his various races, Nixon spent far more money on polling than anyone else in political history. Those of his advisers whose prior experience was in advertising, like H.R. Haldeman, had been weaned on market research.

Nor should it have been surprising that they would try to manipulate the polls, for they had done so before. In 1964, a California court ruled that Nixon and Haldeman had rigged a phony poll two years earlier during that state's gubernatorial campaign. The poll made it seem as if Nixon's opponent, Pat Brown, was not supported by his own party's rank and file. The judge found that Nixon himself had prepared the final draft of the phony poll. The incident was a hint of dirty tricks to come, but, unfortunately, it went largely unreported in the national press.

What is surprising, and most disturbing, is that the pollsters, who hold themselves out as neutral recorders of public opinion, indeed as virtual spokesmen for the American people, were willing to work behind the scenes for the White House. We learned of Nixon's celebrated battle with the press because many reporters and broadcasters fought back. Nixon's parallel campaign to dominate the polls went unnoticed because the pollsters offered no resistance. ●

Over the last several years, Americans have turned in increasing numbers to such programs as TM, est and Silva Mind Control to help them lead fuller, less anxiety-ridden lives. The goal of all the programs is to teach people to search deep within themselves for the peace that is so elusive in the external world. We at *New Times* applaud this trend toward self-examination and, in order to add further impetus to the inner-consciousness movement, present a new program, which we believe to be the most exciting yet conceived—TS.

TS has two meanings. On one level, the initials stand for Total Self-absorption, the goal of the system. But on another plane, they are code for what the system is about. The name was born when a disciple of Guru Steve Scheinblum, the creator of the technique, informed him that 100,000 Africans had died of starvation in Biafra. "TS," replied the Master, at the time a college sophomore. He later explained that his response may be loosely translated to mean, "God has worked His will," or, "Sorry, there's nothing I can do about it."

Since 1972, over 4 million people around the world have accepted Guru Scheinblum's Truth: That nothing matters but yourself. Simple as that message may seem, Guru Scheinblum emphasizes that it cannot be fully absorbed unless a student undergoes training at one of the 219 TS Centers that dot the globe. (A one-week course costs $110 per person, $218 per couple.)

We at *New Times* understand that TS cannot be taught from a magazine, but on these pages we hope to convey a sense of what this revolutionary technique is about.

BY HARRY STEIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ANGELO SIMON

# TS

# TOTAL SELF-ABSORPTION

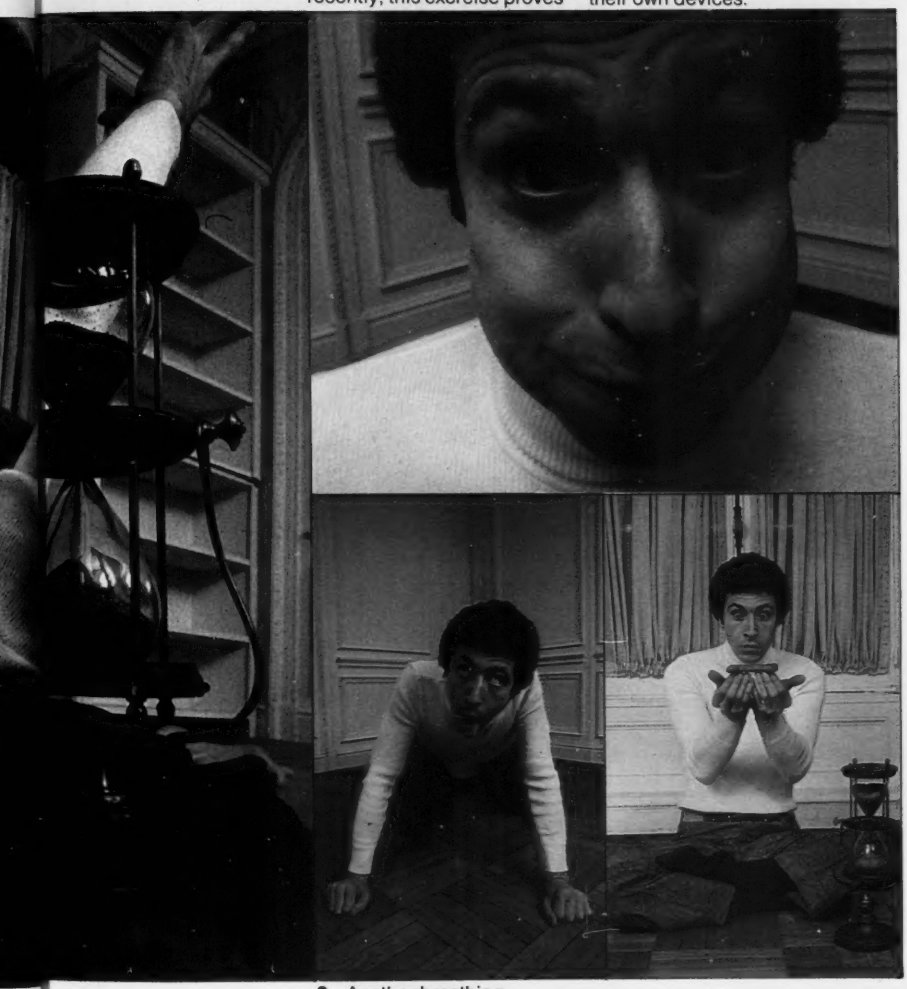
**1.** On the face of it, this man is content. But don't let him fool you. He is not his own best friend. He says yes when he should say no. He is looking for freedom in an unfree world.

**2.** What this man needs is TS.

**4.** Make yourself as uncomfortable as possible. Your position of maximum discomfort, when you determine it, will be called your *assbrak*. Assume your *assbrak* twice daily for 15 minutes, immediately after rising and immediately before retiring. Eventually, after much practice, your entire body will become insensible to all outside stimuli. Do not worry if for hours at a time you are unable to walk; your mind is romping.

**3.** The road to Total Self-absorption is long and arduous, requiring the mastery of several steps. First, you must go off completely by yourself. It is vital to be away from other people. You can never be sure that one of them won't say something interesting, something that might momentarily cause you to think about something other than yourself.

**5.** After extricating yourself from your *assbrak*, sit upright in the lotus position for your breath-counting exercise. Breathe slowly and deeply, counting every time you exhale. Continue this procedure for 20 minutes. There are two purposes for this exercise: (1) Though you've rarely thought about it recently, this exercise proves that *you know how to count.* This is cause for self-congratulation. (2) The sheer boredom of the counting will numb your mind. Gradually the intellect will begin to fade. This is very desirable for, as Guru Scheinblum observes, "Numb skulls are often left to their own devices."



**6.** Another breathing exercise of value in the quest for TS is hyperventilation. Breathe extremely deeply and rapidly, in simulation of a tired dog. After about a minute, this will cause you to become dizzy, leaving you totally oblivious to the world around you. If you are truly committed to the Way, you might even faint.

**7.** Once you have completed your breathing exercises, you are ready for the most important steps of all, the ones that will convince former friends that you are on the True Path and no longer deem them worthy of notice. First, *contemplation.* Take a simple everyday object—say, a dog biscuit—and stare at it. That's all, just stare at it. Observe the roughness of its texture, the elegance of its form, the richness of its luster. Stroke it, as you would fur or velvet. The first day, do not lay it aside for at least half an hour. On subsequent days, concentrate on the biscuit for a full hour. Eventually, by concentrating all your energies on this object, you will wipe your mind clear of such irrelevant concerns as the state of the nation's economy or the prospects for world peace.

**8.** Once you have your contemplation down pat, you are ready to take up your *sisboomba*. A *sisboomba* is a word or phrase which you chant endlessly (as far as those around you can discern) to make sure that no THOUGHTS slip stealthily into your consciousness. It doesn't matter precisely what you chant, as long as the words are meaningless. If your mind has by now been wiped so clean that you can think of nothing, try, "Pummel the pest through a porthole." It has a nice lilt to it.

**9.** If you still have anything but yourself on your mind, you are incurably addicted to reality. We can only suggest hallucinogenic drugs or shock therapy. But if your mind is indeed vacant, you are ready to travel to a new dimension, a place where you can truly be alone with the only person that counts—yourself. Close your eyes and, in rapid succession, go through the breathing exercises, contemplation and your *sisboomba*. You will feel yourself sinking, sinking until you realize that you are in an imaginary chamber of your own creation. This is your *clubhouse*. You may people your clubhouse with anyone you want, living or dead, to advise and pamper you. In your clubhouse, you are king. So what if, in the real world, everyone thinks you're incompetent. In the clubhouse they respect you, listen to you, vie for your attention. You might even dream up someone who'll be interested in hearing what a great lover you used to be.

**10.** When, through regular use of your exercises, you reach the point where you can spend all your time in your clubhouse—when you live there even while going through the motions of existing in the real world—you have achieved Total Self-absorption. Congratulations. Now nothing can faze you. There's a new war in the Middle East, an earthquake in Los Angeles, a death in the family? What do you care? Down where you are, all is bliss.

**11.** Now you are truly your own best friend. In fact, you are your only friend. Let others waste their time with each other; you don't need them. You are everything you've always wanted. Revel in yourself.

Did you ever imagine you could care this much about someone?

**12.**

ILLUSTRATION BY DENIS ORLOFF

By Jean Carper

# BACON: THE FAT IS IN THE FIRE

A government lab, Washington, D.C., January 1976. A young scientist heats the substance to 340 degrees for six minutes. He pats it dry between paper towels. Then he grinds it up, puts it in a test tube with a chemical solution, strains it, washes it, distills it, heats it, cools it, runs it through silica gel and all kinds of other chemicals and finally ends up with about a thimbleful of clear liquid. He carefully injects a drop of the purified stuff into a machine that looks a little like a lie detector. Exactly 21 minutes later, the mechanical arm on the paper whooshes upward—and he has found it, as he knew he would: a chemical called nitrosopyrrolidine, one of the most potent cancer-causing agents known.

The substance just analyzed is not a new pesticide or an industrial chemical someone hopes to market. It is bacon. Chemist Don Havery, who works at the Food and Drug Administration, picked it up in a supermarket the week before. Ordinary bacon. Nor is his finding a freak occurrence. Havery's scientific records show that every brand of fried bacon he has tested recently, all the major ones—Armour, Rath, Swift, Esskay, Oscar Mayer, Hormel, Smithfield—have been contaminated with the same cancer-causing agent.

Nitrosopyrrolidine is one of a family of chemicals called nitrosamines, which are so dangerous that Havery wears rubber gloves when he handles them. After every test he destroys the leftover bacon extract.

Nitrosamines were found to cause cancer by a British scientist in 1956. Since then they have been extensively tested in animals with astounding agreement over their potency. A 1974 government report concluded that as cancer-causing agents, "nitrosamines have no equals." They trigger cancer in rats, hamsters, rabbits, mice, guinea pigs, dogs, monkeys and every other species tested, sometimes at exceedingly low doses. As a family they produce every type of cancer: lung, esophagus, bladder, kidney, nervous system, stomach, liver; no organ seems immune from their attack. "There is *no* possibility," says Dr. William Lijinsky, a cancer researcher at Oak Ridge National Laboratories and a leading authority on nitrosamines, "that humans would be the only mammalian species immune to the ravages of nitrosamines."

Say it isn't so. The government is handling with rubber gloves chemicals of the kind we eat every day in bacon? The American Meat Institute says last year we ate about 1.4 billion pounds of bacon—six and a half pounds for every man, woman and child.

And any nitrite-cured meat is potentially carcinogenic. What makes bacon the most certifiably dangerous is that it contains naturally occurring amines as well. When it is cooked, the heat causes a chemical reaction between the nitrite and the amines to form nitrosamines. Nitrite-cured meats such as ham, hot dogs, cured sausage links, Polish sausage, pepperoni, bologna, most other cold meats and smoked fish are also dangerous. Lijinsky and other scientists believe that in the case of these products the human digestive tract acts as a deadly "test tube." The residual nitrite in cured meats reacts in the stomach's acid with amines from other food and drugs—such as tea, cereal, beer, wine, cigarette smoke and at least 1,000 over-the-counter and prescription drugs. The result is that nitrosamines are created and then absorbed into the system. The prospect is a gloomy one: ham and Contac; hot dogs and Librium; or beer and salami—any of them taken together are potentially carcinogenic.

Still, meat processors are fanatically trying to hold onto nitrite, and one can hardly be surprised. It is a billion-dollar concern. Nitrite is that magical chemical that gives cured meat its red color. For years there was universal agreement over nitrite's main purpose; in fact, USDA approves its use only as a coloring agent; any other use is illegal. Nevertheless, as nitrites come under fire, the industry and FDA-USDA have found more socially important uses for nitrite. They now say it is essential for the cured flavor, though several tests show that ham, bacon and sausages can be cured with salt, sugar and spices alone without a significant difference in taste. Some small processors do it completely by dry-salt cure and USDA has proposed regulations making it possible to cure bacon in brine (salt solution) without nitrites.

This reporter has sampled nitrite-free bacon, cured with salt, and could detect little or no difference—perhaps a slightly saltier taste and a bit less red. Another product—Bakon, developed by Micromatic Inc. in Sioux City,

*Jean Carper is the co-author of* Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health. *Research for this article was partially financed by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

ILLUSTRATION BY DENIS ORLOFF

Iowa—is free of nitrites and is made of ground up bacon flavored with salt and spices, which gives it a taste quite similar to standard strip bacon, although it comes in links and round slices. This reporter sampled Bakon and concluded it was every bit as good as bacon, though not as crunchy.

The crucial new argument for nitrite's indispensability is its power as a preservative against bacterial diseases, mainly dreaded botulism. USDA argues that if nitrite is reduced below levels now proposed, botulism could be a serious hazard. Some scientists who have studied the problem think the argument is specious, an excuse to avoid a change in processing and a possible loss of the red, stable color, which might, in turn, damage sales. "If we need nitrite in bologna to prevent botulism, then why not in pressed chicken where it is not used? And if in canned corned beef, why not in canned roast beef?" asks Gilbert Goldhammer, a former FDA regulator and now a consultant to a House subcommittee that has studied the problem.

And why is it needed in sterilized products such as canned potted meats? Sterilization destroys any botulism danger, as does freezing—and for that matter, so does keeping meat in the refrigerator or cooking it at high temperatures, as in frying bacon. One USDA official testifying before the subcommittee a few years ago said bacon couldn't "under any circumstances become a hazard [due to] botulism."

In the meantime, Dr. Lijinsky observes that the way we take in nitrosamines, in small doses over a lifetime, by eating bacon, for instance, is precisely the most conducive means to producing cancer in animals. He explains that the chemicals pass into the stomach, the bloodstream and to a specific organ where, together with other cancer-causing chemicals, they cause slow cellular derangements that one day erupt as uncontrolled malignant growth. It is a mysterious odyssey that in humans takes from 20 to 30 years.

"The doses can be extremely small," stresses Lijinsky, "and still have an effect." In one set of tests, he fed rats a certain nitrosamine sometimes detected in cured meats. Daily for six months he gave the animals a *total* dose so small it's hard, he says, to put it in unscientific terms. Thirty percent of them developed cancer. When the animals were opened up for autopsy, Lijinsky says, "they were a bloody mess."

The Department of Agriculture is not blind to the hazard. Dr. Harry Mussman, chairman of USDA's expert panel on nitrites and nitrosamines, agrees that "there is no question about the fact nitrosamines are potent carcinogens." And yes, there is a law against cancer-causing chemicals in food. But it seems nothing much gets done about it.

**A 1974 government report concluded that, among cancer-causing agents, "nitrosamines have no equal." Although the deadly chemicals were found in every major brand of bacon tested recently, getting rid of them isn't so easy. "Bacon," explains one researcher, "is a lot of people's favorite food"**

Both the FDA and USDA, which have split jurisdiction over nitrites in fish and meat, have known about the hazard of nitrosamines in foods for a decade. Since then there have been congressional hearings, so-called expert committees, interagency task forces, industry conferences—the usual trappings when a federal agency is faced with an unpleasant situation it would rather avoid. Finally, in December, Agriculture made proposals for reducing the amount of nitrite allowed in cured meat. Agriculture's proposals did not attempt to deal with bacon. They said only that the industry should try harder to eliminate nitrosamines in bacon and they hoped it would be accomplished in a year.

Staunchly opposed to removing nitrites from the curing process, industry has nonetheless been trying a number of things to get rid of the nitrosamines in bacon. The use of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) to block their formation, though somewhat effective, hasn't done the trick. At one time USDA was searching for a substitute for nitrite but seems to have given that up. Now industry is working to reduce the nitrite to the "lowest acceptable" level.

Eliminating nitrite across the board is the obvious answer, according to some consumer advocates, including Consumers Union. On the other hand, Lijinsky believes the ingoing nitrite could be drastically cut so there would be virtually none left in the finished meat. Thus, the meat would taste and look essentially the same, but nitrosamines couldn't form either in the bacon or the stomach. A 1972 report from the House Intergovernmental Relations and Human Resources Subcommittee urged the same action. It pointed out that a study in England showed nitrite effective at levels 10 times lower than what USDA now proposes.

However, consumer activists who usually seem to have all the answers are uncertain about how to proceed on nitrites. Dr. Michael Jacobson, director of the Center for Science in the Public Interest, calls bacon "the most dangerous food in the supermarket." However, he admits that if bacon were destroyed or drastically changed by the removal of nitrite, the public might demand a change in the law. "Bacon," he says "is a lot of people's favorite food." At the very least, he thinks bacon should be labeled with a warning that it is carcinogenic, but the chances of Agriculture's doing that, he says, are "zero."

Four years ago Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law sued USDA to get a full or partial removal of nitrite from food, but the case was dismissed on grounds that attorneys had not sufficiently exhausted their internal remedies at USDA. Nader's Health Research Group, along with several others, is asking USDA to ban nitrite in all meats unless meat companies can prove the chemical is essential to protect public health. A suit might follow, says HRG, if USDA doesn't produce such proof, which nobody thinks it will.

Cancer has always been with us, and we have never known what caused it. But now we are learning that cancer is not an unpredictable, throw-of-the-dice disease as once thought. We are in a new age which Ralph Nader says "historians in the future may call the carcinogenic century." We are surrounded by cancer-causing agents in the air, in the water, in our food, in our drugs. The cancer rate has gone up 1 percent every year since 1933. But last year it took a jump of between 2 and 3 percent, causing some scientists to say we are in the midst of a "cancer epidemic."

Nitrosamines from cured meats are a part of that epidemic. Though alone they may not cause cancer, together with other cancer-causing chemicals, known and unknown, they add to that formidable burden on our bodies. It is true that the amounts of nitrosamines formed by cured meats may be small—in bacon at present about 20 parts per billion, which USDA's Mussman says is not enough to be harmful. But scientists at the National Cancer Institute say no such "safe" dose has ever been established; as far as they know every exposure to a known carcinogen further sensitizes a person to cancer. They know of no dose too small to contribute to cancer—even if that dose, as with nitrosamines—is USDA-approved. ●

## AMC ANNOUNCES

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# If baseball is poetry, Bill Veeck must be Shakespeare

By Mark Goodman

**Bill Veeck, baseball's carny barker who first brought you Ladies Day and boogie-woogie bands, is back after a 15-year absence from the majors with a field full of antics that will delight fans and dismay front-office types. With the season yet to begin, he's already irked owners by opening a rump camp during the spring training lockout, and set tongues wagging by suggesting that his White Sox players wear—can you believe it—shorts.**

*Football is technological; baseball is pastoral. Football is played in a stadium; baseball is played in a park. Football is played on an enclosed grid, and every field is the same size. Baseball is played on an ever-widening field with boundaries that reach to infinity, and every park has different dimensions. Football is played in a helmet; in baseball they wear a cap. Football has a two-minute* warning*; baseball has the seventh-inning stretch. Football is rigidly timed. Baseball has no time limit—we don't know* when *it's going to end. Football ties go to sudden* death*; baseball ties go into extra innings. In football you have blocking, hitting, clipping, kicking, the blitz, the bomb. In baseball you have the* sacrifice. *In football the object is to march into enemy territory and cross his goal. In baseball the object is to go* home.

*George Carlin*
*An Evening with Wally Londo*
*Featuring Bill Slazo*
*(Little David Records)*

Carlin's sly routine aptly sums up an emerging article of American faith: football is a game of fire and lightning, the contemporary metaphor for corporate violence; baseball is a game of grace and subtlety, reminiscent of a more stylish, individualistic past. A bit of an oversimplification, perhaps; Ty Cobb's spikes, filed to a Trak II edge, were not the tools of love. Still, there is a vast difference between the balletic summer tableau of baseball and the savage trench warfare of its cold autumnal counterpoint. It is a difference that a battle-weary American public has come to appreciate. In 1961, the year that John Kennedy took promising office and Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers won him his National Football League championship, major league baseball attendance dipped below 19 million. In 1969, the year the two pro football leagues merged into a monolithic enterprise and the violence at home and in Vietnam roared to its terrible peak, baseball attendance rose by 18 percent to a record 27 million. In each of the last three seasons, attendance has topped 30 million, a resurgence capped last year by the most exciting world series in history. Pro football is suffering from overexposure, and from sanguinary comparison to the dread six o'clock news; here and there season tickets, once worth a Shah's ransom, go begging. Meanwhile, people are once again talking baseball: in saloons, on street corners, in barber shops—and, yes, in beauty parlors. Baseball, relegated for a time to second-class sport citizenship because it was considered too tranquil for the lusty American appetite, has by virtue of that very tranquillity reasserted itself as our national pastime.

No one better understands this mood—nor is better qualified to appease and exploit it—than baseball's crafty, gentle old carny barker, Bill Veeck, 62 going on 103, a half-deaf, half-blind, half-bald peg-leg father of nine who defies the generally accurate perception that Lovable Old Codgers are not the least lovable. Just about everyone—with the notable exception of a few fellow owners—loves Bill Veeck. How can you help but love a guy who once hired a midget to come to bat in a major league game, or who has walked through the stands at a game passing out free beers and batting the breeze with fans, or who used to keep an ashtray

SOX

squirreled away in his wooden leg to facilitate the consumption of four packs of cigarettes a day. Now, after a lamentable 15-year absence from the majors, the man who first brought you Ladies Day and Bat Day, plus fireworks, clowns, high-wire acts, boogie-woogie bands, flowers for the ladies and babysitters for the children, has returned to his beloved boyhood home, Chicago, as president and principal owner of the American League White Sox.

And we'll all be the jollier for it. Veeck is an American original, a cross between P.T. Barnum and Dan Cody, the "pioneer debauchee" of *The Great Gatsby*, a throwback to the days of vaudeville and the Chautauqua Movement. He was weaned on baseball when it was the king of beasts, when pro football was hardly more than a pup named the Canton Bulldogs and basketball was still Dr. Naismith's peach-basket folly and hockey was something played by wild, fur-bearing creatures of the North. These were also the last days of the Great American Carnival, before the nation moved into the movie houses and glued itself to the radio set, and Veeck early on saw the possibilities of maintaining this sideshow spirit on the baseball diamond. Nothing was too outrageous for Veeck to try—as long as it brought fans into the ball park. His mad antics left fans in Milwaukee and Cleveland and St. Louis delighted—and his fellow owners indignant. They openly disavowed him because he was a buffoon, and secretly despised him because he was not. At bottom Veeck is the savviest of baseball men, and if he pioneered a lot of tomfoolery, he also introduced the first black player into the American League (Larry Doby) and suggested the "permanent pinch hitter" long before anyone ever thought of the term "designated hitter."

In the process he consistently thumbed his nose at the baseball establishment. As a consequence, many owners have done their worst to keep Veeck out of the majors since he relinquished the White Sox in 1961. But Veeck, chortling and wheezing, has triumphed again. In a style somewhat reminiscent of Sinatra rounding up the Rat Pack for a movie heist, Veeck pulled together a lot of his old cronies (mostly Chicagoans) to form a syndicate to purchase the White Sox from John Allyn. The vote among American League owners was 10-2 in favor of the syndicate (with Gene Autry of the California Angels and, of course, Charlie Finley of the Oakland A's voting nay: they wanted the franchise moved to Seattle). And so, with a blare of trumpets and a ruffle of drums,

WIDE WORLD

White Sox' white socks: Veeck (right), the "traditional modernist," designed his team's new uniforms, modeled here by former fielder Jim Rivera.

the Bill Veeck Traveling Sideshow & Colossal Baseball Company returns to the national stage, one performance daily, two shows on Sunday!

On the south side of Chicago, in the baddest part of town, stands ramshackle old Comiskey Park, the ancestral home of the White Sox. It is now Veeck's home again, and he has added a basic Veeckian touch—he has removed both doors to his office. Really. It takes a crack team of sappers to get into the offices of most owners of professional teams, but Veeck knocked out the wall that separated his office from the *employees' lunchroom*. "I like to be available," says Veeck. "I kinda figure we're all in this together. Anyway, I don't like people who have four secretaries to intercept for them." Directly opposite his desk is a giant electric baseball game—Bill Veeck's favorite holiday is a busman's holiday. Not that he has much time for play; he immediately re-established his maverick credentials among the owners by opening a rump camp (though not with regulars) during the spring training lockout in Sarasota, Fla. His first call comes from Sox publicist Don Unferth at the Florida camp.

**"Baseball is an island of surety in a changing world," says Veeck. "Three strikes and you're out, and Bailey and Williams combined aren't going to help you"**

"How'd the workout go this morning?" Veeck asks. "How does Cleon look?" Veeck picked up the former New York Met star when practically no one else would touch him—Jones was caught flagrante delicto in a van in Florida last year with a woman who was plainly not his wife. As I recall, only Jim Bouton had the nerve to report that the woman was white. The police dropped charges, but Met President Donald Grant fined Cleon $2,000 and demanded a humiliating act of public contrition to boot. Ultimately Jones, the National League batting champion for the world champion Mets of 1969, was given his unconditional release.

"That Grant business was horrible," says Veeck as he stumps across his office. Understand, this is no miracle of modern prosthenics he walks on; this is a *peg leg*. "That was needless embarrassment and in very bad taste. I'm reasonably sure that Cleon was not the first man to sleep with someone other than his wife."

Then he turns to baseball. "Even though I've been gone for 15 years," he says, "I've never been far away from the game. I made a few passes at other clubs when the owners gave me a clean bill of health. We thought we had a deal with Baltimore, but that didn't pan out. Anyway, I'd rather be in Chicago." The phone rings again. "See what you can get me in the fifth," says Veeck, who whiled away much of the past 15 years managing Suffolk Downs, a Massachusetts race track.

He turns back. "Why did I come back?" His voice rasps, and since he is hard of hearing, he himself is somewhat hard to hear. Also, he does look about 15 years older than 62—if there were more than two ends to a candle, Bill Veeck would have long since found a way to burn them. But he is spry, vigorous and as full of mischief as ever. "Well, I have a lot of ideas I want to try, and I wouldn't want to give them to anyone else." What ideas? More midgets? Water ballets? Dog acts? He grins. "That would be giving it all away, wouldn't it?"

"But I'll tell you," he continues, "I think that, like so many people, Americans are turning away from violence. You see, I happen to think escape is a

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**In Britain**, television watchers will soon be tuning in to an electronic newspaper which will allow them to read the news on their TV screens.

**In France**, the government now has a Secretary of State for the Condition of Women.

**In Germany**, there's a plan to place workers at the center of economic decision making by requiring that labor is represented on the boards of industrial corporations.

**In Denmark**, the ballet is so well subsidized that it is said the "artists and staff positively bask in tax money."

**In Sweden**, there are no slums, no one is poverty stricken or without assistance in times of illness or accident, and everyone can look forward to a secure old age.

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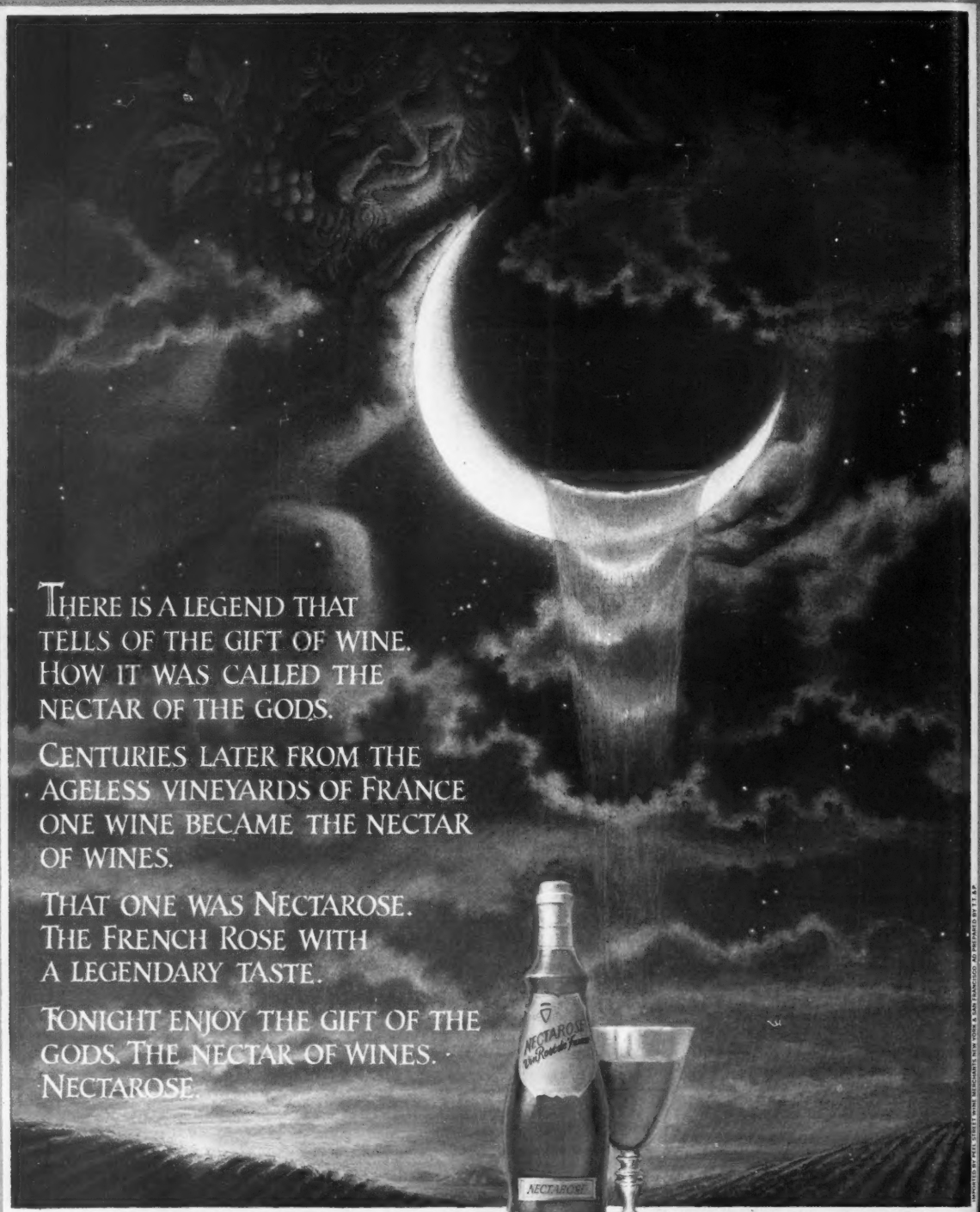
THERE IS A LEGEND THAT
TELLS OF THE GIFT OF WINE.
HOW IT WAS CALLED THE
NECTAR OF THE GODS.
CENTURIES LATER FROM THE
AGELESS VINEYARDS OF FRANCE
ONE WINE BECAME THE NECTAR
OF WINES.
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good thing. We need to get away from the frightening complexities of existence. Baseball is an island of surety in a changing world. What I like about baseball is its flow of continuity. There are no more rules in our society—different justice is meted out to different people for the same crimes.

"But baseball has capitalized on its unchanging character. It's more stable than other sports; the designated hitter is the only major change in 75 years. The rules are well established and clearly defined, and an infraction of the rules is swiftly punished. Three strikes and you're out, and F. Lee Bailey and Edward Bennett Williams combined aren't going to help you."

More phone calls, mostly about the player-owner dispute: any word on a possible settlement? Veeck sighs. "They're meeting again this afternoon. I'll let you know if I hear anything." He hangs up; he's disgusted with the whole business (for those of you just off the boat from Devil's Island, the Major League Players' Association and the owners have been in a contract hassle for nearly two years over the reserve clause, which basically binds a player to a team until the team sees fit to let him go. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has since ruled, "Play ball!" The camps have opened and the season now begins while the bargaining goes endlessly on).

Veeck, who testified in Curt Flood's behalf in the first major court test of the reserve clause, then reflects: "It's very dangerous to baseball to have all the activity taking place in courts of law and counting houses and bargaining tables. Look, people are really longing for a more leisurely, less disruptive, less confusing life. That's why baseball's popularity is back up. But the average fan doesn't want to read about striking players, arbitration and big stock deals. He's looking to escape from his own problems. Baseball, with its slow pace, is reminiscent of the early 1900s. People are turning back the clock when they go to a baseball game; it's a cerebral game that they have time to savor.

"Now, I opened a camp because we really need the training. Half our team is new, and only our shortstop and catcher are set. Besides, part of spring training is creating enthusiasm on the home front. I would have opened a full camp, but the owners threatened to fine us $500,000 or even suspend our franchise. Of course they're annoyed at me"—he shrugs—"but if it wasn't this it would be something else. At least we have pictures of guys with bats in their hands and guys throwing baseballs. That's the true harbinger of spring, not crocuses or swallows returning to Capistrano, but the sound of a bat on the ball. . . ."

Veeck calls himself "a traditional modernist" (he also cheerfully refers to himself as a "retread"), and this apparent oxymoron is best explained by the new uniforms he has designed for the Sox. Sensibly enough, Veeck decided that the White Sox ought to wear white socks. He also changed the basic color from red to the traditional blue of early Sox teams, dug through photographs of the 1903 team and reproduced that wonderful brewery-wagon lettering. On the other hand, he is introducing—subject to player approval—shorts and/or clam diggers. "They've tried them at Sacramento and the players seemed to like them," he says. Just then one of his set players, catcher Brian Downing, walks in. Veeck shows him the uniforms; Downing is a bit dubious about the shorts. "That's going to be pretty rough on us catchers, with shin guards and all." But he likes the shirt

**Once Veeck hired a high-wire walker. "The bum fell behind the scoreboard so I wouldn't pay him. I told him 'You're no showman, falling where no one can see you' "**

Veeck has designed to be worn outside of the pants. It is also obvious he likes Veeck; when it comes to dealing with young people, Veeck is of the William O. Douglas-Henry Steele Commager school of empathetic codgerdom.

Veeck tells Downing about the style show he is throwing the following Tuesday to show off the new outfits—fans invited, of course. Ah, the fan, the wonderful, raucous, will-o'-the-wisp fan, one of Veeck's favorite subjects. "The last world series is a good example of the difference between the Boston fans and the Cincinnati fans: in Boston there were 35,000 participants, in Cincinnati there were 55,000 spectators. I think the fans at Fenway had something to do with the series going seven games. The idea is to create an atmosphere, like they do at Fenway. In baseball you can sit up in the bleachers and drink beer and talk to your friends."

Veeck rubs his wrinkled neck beneath the turtleneck sweater that is as much a part of his character as the peg leg. "Nostalgia, this business of looking back, is very big now. I have a reputation as an innovator, but I don't advocate change for change's sake, and I don't see any point in rocking the boat now. For example, I don't like these fancy new stadiums; they're all right for some, I guess, but they're not all right with me. There's too much of the very sterility of steel and concrete and macadam that people are trying to escape from—that's why I'm taking the artificial turf out and planting grass."

Real grass? Treason! Apostasy! Surely Veeck's rivals will hang three of his relief pitchers in reprisal. But you better believe he means it, and you better believe him when he tells Brian Downing, "Don't worry, you won't play any more of those secret games next year. We'll get some people out there to watch you."

That is the name of the game that Veeck has been shaping and refining like a medieval artisan since his apprenticeship under his father; William Veeck Sr. was president of the Chicago Cubs under Phil Wrigley. "Of course, I wanted to be a baseball player, and I would have, too, if it hadn't been for the curve ball." Thus thwarted, Veeck wanted "to buy a newspaper with my daddy," a former reporter with the *Chicago Tribune* (to this day Veeck refers to his late father as "daddy," and still does not swear because daddy told him that only people who have nothing else to say swear). Most owners of professional teams made their pile elsewhere (like Autry) and turned to sports as a pleasant diversion. Veeck learned the business from the ground—and barroom floor—up. In his pungent 1962 autobiography, *Veeck—As In Wreck* (a sequel soon to appear), he tells splendid stories of the alcoholic pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander taking him to a carnival and putting on an awesome performance at the various ball-throwing counters, or home-run hitter Hack Wilson being sobered up before a game in a tub of water with a 50-lb. cake of ice. Wilson devastated Chicago after each game with a crew of drinking buddies that would put John Wayne and Forrest Tucker to rout; by age 15 Veeck was a part of this terrible entourage.

Veeck Sr., from all accounts a man of steel-girdered dignity, was nonetheless a tolerant sort who built pennant-winners with such roustabouts, a point that was not lost on his son. Veeck was sent to Andover for a bit of polish. It didn't take, and so he was shipped off to the exclusive Los Alamos Ranch School in New Mexico. He was quietly kicked out, finished up at Hinsdale, Ill., High School and enrolled at Kenyon College in Ohio. He spent a delightful if admittedly

unproductive freshman year in an alcoholic fog. Then, only a few weeks into his sophomore year, his father was stricken with leukemia. Veeck went home; the doctors told him that it was hopeless, and that the last thing his father would be able to hold down was wine. This being the last days of prohibition, Veeck went straight to Al Capone's headquarters at the Hotel Metropole. "Every morning during these last few days of my father's life," Veeck wrote, "a case of imported champagne was delivered to the door."

Phil Wrigley quickly hired Veeck as an office boy at $18 a week. Listen to what Veeck did in his eight years there: "I ran the commissary and I worked with the ushers. I worked the ticket windows and the ticket office. I ran the tryout school for high school players. I was in charge of park maintenance at the time Wrigley Field was being rebuilt and, at the end, I was the club treasurer and assistant secretary." He even spent a season with the Cubs ad agency putting out a magazine for fans.

Veeck was churning with ideas—vaudeville had influenced him as thoroughly as today's youngsters are tutored by the tube. Some of his ideas registered with the conservative Mr. Wrigley, and some did not. When he suggested putting in lights for night baseball, Wrigley scoffed, "just a fad. A passing fancy."

By 1941, Veeck was on the lookout for his own team. He found it: the Milwaukee Brewers, then of the Triple-A American Association. Veeck was then married (it somehow seems fitting that he should have married a rider for Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey), the father of two and broke. He and his partner, former Cub Charlie Grimm, arrived in Milwaukee with $11 between them and immediately repaired to a tavern across from the railroad station and drank up $10 of that bankroll. Then they proceeded to the ball park to introduce themselves to their prospective fans.

Veeck borrowed every cent he could from diverse Chicago banks and loan agencies and went to work. He hired 100 people and got down on his hands and knees with them to clean rickety old Borchert Field. The fans those first nights were treated to the fascinating spectacle of the new owner standing at the gate to greet them. Veeck was at the entrance before every game and was at the exit at game's end. During the games he moved from section to section slinging it with the fans, and the next night their friends would come out to see this amiable lunatic at work. He and Grimm and a couple of other front-office people plus a pitcher who was a dreadful pitcher (but a *helluva* violin player) slapped together a jazz band to entertain the customers. "I even hired a high-wire walker," Veeck recalls. "The bum fell behind the scoreboard, so I wouldn't pay him. I told him, 'You're no showman, falling behind the scoreboard where no one can see you.' "

He gave away a sway-backed horse one night and six live squabs another to the most dignified man in the house. Veeck spoke before every group that asked him, and while he was making an early speech at a factory, the idea came to him for "Rosie the Riveter" morning games for the night shift. "All women wearing their welding caps or riveting masks were admitted free," he says. The ushers, in nightgowns and nightcaps, served breakfast.

Furious, the other owners tried to figure out ways to put a stop to this nonsense, but Veeck was too foxy for them. As he put it: "Since baseball rules are ridiculously and ineptly written, I have always read the rule book with an eye toward loopholes." So saying, he doctored the fences and playing field to suit his players' strong (or weak) suits. If rivals had a fleet pack of base runners, they would find themselves slogging through sand pits as deep as Cape Cod dunes. When Milwaukee finally got a couple of decent left-handed pull hitters, Veeck obligingly moved the right field fence in 50 or so feet.

**Veeck on Charlie Finley: "This bum hasn't had an idea in his life. He's an absolute fugitive from the human race but he's a great salesman"**

But war was upon the nation, and the shenanigans would have to wait. Veeck joined the Marines, got shot up on Bouganville and spent the balance of the war in Naval hospitals. He came home on crutches in 1945—still refusing to give the doctors permission to amputate. To make matters worse, his marriage was breaking up. Eleanor had had it with baseball, so Veeck sold his club and bought a ranch in Arizona. No dice—it was like making Shecky Greene a forest ranger. The marriage sundered, and Veeck began scouting another team to buy.

He pounced on the Cleveland Indians, a shaky American League franchise that had not had a pennant winner since 1920. Within two years Veeck had built a world champion and pulled a record-breaking 2,620,627 into vast Municipal Stadium. During this time he finally gave up on his leg and had it amputated just below the knee (later the knee had to go). In his three and a half years at Cleveland, he recalls, "Every day was Mardi Gras, and every fan was king." Veeck even had two house acts, a couple of washed-up ballplayers named Max Patkin and Jackie Price. Max was a contortionist-*cum*-pratfall artist, while Jackie would do things like install a trapeze in the batter's box, dangle from his knees and hit pitched balls. Even as the hijinks were in progress, Veeck traded shrewdly for flashy players like Joe Gordon and introduced American League fans to the phenomenon of black baseball players, first Larry Doby, then Luke Easter.

Still, the Indians had some first-rate ballplayers in their system when Veeck took over. The St. Louis Browns, which Veeck bought in 1951, had nothing but a crosstown rivalry—the popular St. Louis Cardinals, complete with Stan Musial and Enos Slaughter—that threatened to run them out of the city. He and his new wife, the former Mary Frances Ackerman (herself a press agent for the Ice Follies) actually converted the second floor at Sportsman's Park into a three-room apartment and moved in. The first night Veeck took a bucketful of beers out into the crowd and said, "It's on Old Will tonight." He bought one of the great showmen in the chronicle of baseball, the ancient Satchel Paige, a refugee from the old Negro leagues. Fans began turning in larger numbers just to see the old Satch out in the bullpen resting his long, weary body in a lounge chair. But the stunt that really snapped their minds came the day Veeck sent Eddie Gaedel to the plate. That's right, trivia fans, the man's name was Eddie Gaedel. He was a professional midget, and Veeck hired him for $100 a day as part of a promotional gimmick that involved the Falstaff brewery. A hefty actor dressed like Falstaff came onto the field carrying a cake and out popped the midget in a Browns' uniform. Gaedel came to bat in a crouch against Bob Cain of the Detroit Tigers, who promptly walked him on four pitches. The fans howled with laughter; league president Will Harridge did not. Neither Gaedel nor any other midget ever played another game in professional baseball, but Veeck was a marked man. Says he: "My epitaph is inescapable. It will read: 'He sent a midget up to bat.' " Veeck lost his bid a year later to

A fan's man: in 1951, Veeck raised the spirits of St. Louis fans by passing out free drinks (top left) and by suiting up Eddie Gaedel (bottom right), the first—and last—midget ever to pinch-hit for the Browns.

move the Browns to Baltimore; and Gussie Busch's purchase of the Cardinals eventually ran him out. He resurfaced at the end of the Fifties in Chicago, giving White Sox fans a pennant-winner in 1959. He bailed out in 1961 after another unsuccessful attempt to move a team, this time to Los Angeles—Walter O'Malley's old Brooklyn Dodgers beat him to Chavez Ravine. In the complex negotiations of the time Veeck made everlasting enemies of Autry and Finley, but that's show biz. Before he left the White Sox he installed a machine behind the scoreboard that shot up puffs of smoke after a home run.

Veeck worked all day in his office, spoke before a convention at the Mariott Hotel out by O'Hare Airport that night, then flew to Sarasota, where he plans to spend every weekend until the season begins. He's running at his usual killing pace, but it's paying off: even with the lockout posing the possibility that the season might not start on time, White Sox pre-season ticket sales are already 45 percent above last year's.

Out at Allyn Field the eager youngsters are trying to impress the management, but only one or two from this bunch will make the Sox. Veeck poses for pictures with Sox fans from Illinois, then leans back in a chair next to the clubhouse to gab with the boys. He hikes up the trousers on his wooden leg and says, "I had a power failure last night. . .I couldn't get the lever in the joint to flip. Roland (general manager Roland Hemond) had to get me a can of 3-In-One oil. . .now I'm back in business." (Much laughter.) Meanwhile, I chat with Harry Caray, the St. Louis Cardinals' hotshot announcer for the past 25 years. Caray has signed on with the Sox for this season, the ideal pitchman for the Veeck sideshow.

"Baseball needed him back," says Caray. "The only refreshing guy around is Finley, and he copied all his ideas from Veeck. Now you have the real article in there. Most owners are dead dodoes—the game has survived in spite of management, because it's the common denominator of the American public in the summertime. It's just not summer unless you're out at the ball park with a big cup of beer and mustard on your chin."

The young White Sox team will meld interestingly with Veeck—it is the only athletic team I know of which has gone into Transcendental Meditation as a unit. At this moment Veeck is sitting on the steps going over some papers with a strapping young lefthander from Tennessee named Sam Ewing. The paper turns out to be the *New York Times* crossword puzzle.

To ramrod his team, Veeck has chosen a tough old Texas bird, Paul Richards, onetime manager of the Baltimore Orioles and Houston Astros. That night we go to a cocktail party in Longport Key thrown by a Sox booster from Peoria, then ease out to have dinner at Sarasota's estimable Columbia Restaurant. Veeck has already put away a fair ration of beer and is now moving smartly into Sangria (he gave up hard liquor after leaving Kenyon). "All my life I've hung out at corner saloons," he says. "The downtown joints ain't my style, but I'm the best you've ever seen at hanging out in a corner saloon."

I ask Veeck if Commissioner Bowie Kuhn will step into the current dispute. "Kuhn!" he snorts. "He's just what the owners want—a strong leader who does what he's told." Then he adds: "Look, the league owners have done us a favor—we've gotten our whole coaching staff put together. Guys can get so involved in winning the battle that they forget what the war is all about. The war is: how many people are you going to draw into a ball park in a year?"

Fans keep stopping by to shake hands, good luck, "Hey, Bill, I've got a place to put the reserve clause." Veeck orders another pitcher of Sangria and launches into one of his favorite subjects,

"I never see enough New York."

Here I go again. New York on business. Fun City. In a cab, in an office, in a meeting. I never see enough New York. But I finally figured out how to stay ahead of the game.

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Charlie Finley. "No one can take away the fact that he's single-handedly put together a great ball club. You also can't deny that he hasn't been able to draw in Oakland. He does everything badly, he's a fellow with no class. I'm not saying I've got any class, but no ballplayer has ever had to sue me.

"Now tell me about some of Finley's great innovations. The designated hitter? It's right there in my book. Orange baseballs? In the old days people sat out in the bleachers in white shirts. Now you just have a green or black background out there in most parks. We tried orange and yellow balls at the time, but the colors ran. Now that they work, we don't need them. Some more Finley ideas? Ha! This bum hasn't had an idea in his life. He's an absolute fugitive from the human race, but he's a great salesman."

He downs another Sangria, then continues: "You know, I haven't seen anything new in 10 years. Even the giveaways they do badly. Like giving one bat to a family. Suppose the family has five boys? You going to divide the bat up in five pieces? You want to be a chintzy bum? I cringe when I see things happen that I'm credited with starting. If I were going to have a giveaway, I wouldn't announce it; I'd just do it."

Veeck's tongue is thickening and his speech fading slightly, but his mind is whirring faster and faster: he is holding court, and he loves it. "Listen, I don't give away my ideas, but here's one I've been thinking about. How about—" he pauses for effect "—a beer stacking contest at Comiskey Park? I mean it. You'd have teams of, say, four guys in their shirts that say Joe's Bar on them, or whatever, maybe two or three teams from a saloon. Can't you see it? You'd have Irish saloons and Polish saloons and black saloons and mixed saloons—it could be great. Of course, the saloons would love it. They'd have to have pre-game trials to pick the best teams, and of course they'd push a lot of beer, because you can't have sober men in a contest of this nature. And then we'd have the finals right there before a game in Comiskey Park. Can't you see it, with all those guys out there in their saloon shirts, drinking and sweating and stacking those cases higher and higher. Ha! And we'd present the winners with a case of beer!"

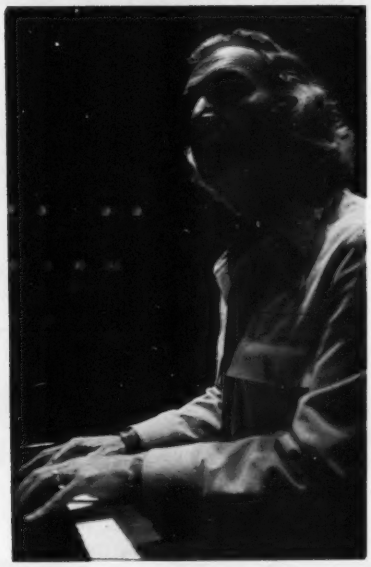
Veeck leans forward. "You see, the secret ingredient is what the customer brings into the ball park with him. We put three dimensions on the field and the customer supplies the fourth. All I try to do is add a few laughs."

Ring the firehouse bell, Johnny; tell 'em Willie boy is back. ●

# Brubeck and Desmond's Silver Anniversary Tour

## By Frank Conroy

The Dave Brubeck Quartet was always a strange two-headed beast, alternately lurching and gliding through jazz like some entranced dragon, clumsy one moment and graceful the next, driven by the tension and mutual attraction between two of the most dissimilar musicians ever to play together—Brubeck and Paul Desmond.



Desmond (left) and Brubeck: nostalgia—and something more.

Brubeck is a self-taught farm boy—a genuine musical naif. Despite his ability to play delicately, there is a raw passion which overcomes him in performance and propels him into attitudes of Bunyanesque vulgarity. He pounds and slams away at the piano like a child in a temper tantrum, stating and restating some simple figure in a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm, sending great chunks of sound out into the audience like a hail of wooden building blocks. He often seems less interested in the quite extraordinary things he *can* do with the piano than the things he simply cannot do. Like a man compulsively pulling at a sore tooth, he returns, in his solos, to the worst areas of his own playing and tries to batter his way through with sheer energy; and although there is something admirable to this in terms of courage, the music suffers. In ensemble he is a different man—a sensitive player with a unique style and an evocative, highly personal approach to harmony; he is an original and a primitive—the Grandma Moses of Jazz.

Desmond, on the other hand, is a disciplined, controlled player whose whole work seems to be an attempt to refine his passion to the most exquisite degree, and achieve the power inherent in its subsequent release in perfectly balanced form. In terms of technique, he is the universally acknowledged master of the alto saxophone. His tone is impeccably pure, flute-like and wonderfully expressive. His ideas are sophisticated. The notes and phrases that flow out of his horn are somehow pre-warmed, somehow coddled, groomed and savored before they ever reach the bell, spilling out, finally, like pale sunshine. If Brubeck sometimes resembles a romantic giant locked in battle with his instrument, trying to wrestle the great Baldwin and all it signifies to the ground, Desmond is the obverse, a graced, aging cherub who no longer knows where his body ends and the saxophone begins, so intimate and loving is the relationship. A classicist, a pure singer celebrating the marriage of man and musical instrument.

Twenty-five years ago these two men came together in the first Dave Brubeck Quartet. According to Desmond, they had known, from the first moment they played together, that despite their differences, they were, in some mysterious way, meant for each other. (Neither could have imagined that they would lead the most commercially successful group in the history of jazz. They dominated the field until 1967, when, tiring of the road, they disbanded.) What held them together was a common interest in counterpoint and, eventually, in the use of alternate time signatures. They relished the game of musical quotes, in which snips and snaps of apparently unrelated melody are dropped into a tune at unexpected spots without disturbing the underlying harmony. Desmond is particularly deft at this sly game. But it was in the exploration of counterpoint that the quartet made its greatest contribution. No group had attempted it in any sustained fashion—quite possibly because improvised counterpoint is paralyzingly difficult to play. It calls for an acute ear, a flexible mind and what Desmond aptly calls "wall-to-wall chops." The rapport that allowed Desmond and Brubeck to spin out intertwining lines for chorus after chorus was, and is, something very special. It kept them together for the better part of their professional lives.

Now comes a producer with the idea of a silver anniversary reunion concert. Telephone calls are made. Joe Morello agrees to take a leave from his teaching. "Senator" Eugene Wright flies in with his bass from California. Desmond is free. Brubeck suggests that his kids (Darius, keyboard; Dan, drums; and Chris, electric bass and trombone) open the show playing with their father, as they have on numerous tours, to be followed by the quartet. No rehearsals will be necessary. It is to be a single concert, for old times' sake, but it sells out instantly and a second performance is mandatory. Word gets around, and the one appearance mushrooms into a six-

week tour. The crowds exceed even the producer's expectations. Everyone knows a jazz renaissance is going on, but no one had suspected that in a single night the quartet could fill the Concert Hall in Washington's Kennedy Center twice—at 8:30, and then again at 11:30.

I caught up with the tour one Friday evening at Symphony Hall in Boston. The audience was mostly young—couples in their twenties and thirties—but here and there, salted through the packed house, were the old fans, 40 and over, who had perhaps first heard the group at college, in the Eisenhower years, or in jazz rooms like Birdland or Basin Street East. A trim, white-haired Brubeck came on stage in a baby-blue suit (still the farm boy), followed by his three sons (all in their twenties) wearing moderate hippie gear. They played and the music was pleasant. Brubeck *père* was definitely in charge. Of the boys only Danny, the drummer, seemed markedly talented. His brush technique is superb, and he plays with confidence. Darius attempted only to support, with discreet electric piano and Moog. Chris added touches of color and took short solos. Dan played strong drums, but the net effect was of a long Dave Brubeck solo, very much as he has played them to the delight and occasional anguish of his fans these many years. Nevertheless, it was an irresistible tableau. A man and his sons making music.

The quartet, after intermission, entered to sustained applause and romped through the old favorites—"Take the A Train," "Take Five," etc. Everyone looked older, and Morello, whose eyes were always weak, is almost blind now, but the music was unchanged. Deliberately, they played as they had played years ago—Wright and Morello horsing around, full of flashy moves, Brubeck building his great constructions, Desmond sailing through it all, touching here and there with his magic wand to hold everything together. It was a celebration of the past, and the crowd loved it.

The great surprise, and the high point of the night, was Brubeck and Desmond playing three tunes alone, in duet, without a rhythm section. (On a jazz cruise last year, Brubeck and Desmond wanted to play a song the young bass player didn't know, and decided on the spur of the moment to play it in duet, something, oddly enough, they had never tried in all their years together. The results pleased them so much they resolved to keep at it, and in fact have made a record. See below.) Desmond has always maintained that Brubeck is an accompanist of almost magical skill and sensitivity, and the duets bear him out. The music was subtle, flexible and restrained, and so strong was the lyrical mood (not a whisper from the audience), Brubeck was loathe to break it. As a result his solos were beautiful—worthy of the man who wrote *The Duke*.

The Silver Anniversary Tour is an authentic bit of nostalgia, but it is also something more. Brubeck and Desmond have discovered, after more than 25 years, that in order to do their best playing together, they only need each other. Despite a lifetime of playing, and despite entirely different attitudes about playing, they are still moving closer to one another. Their best music may very well be ahead of them.

****1975: The Duets Brubeck & Desmond,** (Horizon Records). The most open and imaginative music they've recorded. A perfect, flowing balance between them. Brubeck plays without strain, and at times they seem to be inside each other's heads. Obligatory.

****Pure Desmond,** (CTI Records). Desmond in a relaxed mood with Connie Kay, Ron Carter and a new Canadian guitarist of the Jim Hall school named Ed Bickert. Warm, easy listening. Nice cuts of "Squeeze Me" and "Mean to Me." Includes some seldom heard tunes, e.g., Ellington's "Warm Valley" and Porter's "Everything I Love." Tasty stuff.

# Movies

## Let us not praise famous men

By Richard Corliss

Close your eyes during the opening credits of **Family Plot.** Then try to keep them open for the next two hours. Then close them through the final credits. Now tell me: who directed the film? If you say Alfred Hitchcock, it can only be because you spotted his familiar silhouette in one of the scenes, and not because *Family Plot* has any of the skillful storytelling or moral ambiguity associated with the Master of Suspense. To call this "a Hitchcock film" is to be an accessory to false advertising. *Family Plot* should be reported to the Consumer Protection Agency.

It may seem ungrateful, making jokes about the latest (perhaps last) work of an artist-entertainer who has produced a half-century's worth of pleasurable frissons. And there are undoubtedly many viewers—and not just the True Hitchcockians—who will hail *Family Plot* as the director's lighthearted vacation from his preoccupations with neurotic repression and psychotic release. But to indulge a great director is to do a disservice to his best films. Robin Wood, Hitchcock's most acute critic, has seriously compared his work with Shakespeare's; whether the claim is true or not, Hitchcock shouldn't be judged by the standard we use for Jacqueline Susann. He deserves, not that we accept the minimum but that we demand the maximum. The greatest artists demand the sternest critics.

Not that I'd unreservedly call Hitchcock a great artist. To me he's an artist who has directed some great films—one of them, *Psycho*, among the half-dozen masterworks in film history. But even there I sense a communion of forces not completely under his control, or even within his sphere of influence: the complex weave of character and dialogue, of Grand Guignol and Grand Motel, of horror and compassion. Hitchcock told François Truffaut that *Psycho*'s "subject was horrible, the people were small, there were no characters in it. My main satisfaction is that the film had an effect on the audience, and I consider that very important." He may even be serious when he talks of *Psycho* as a "fun" picture. If we believe that, and if we give Hitchcock ultimate credit for the film's greatness, then Robin

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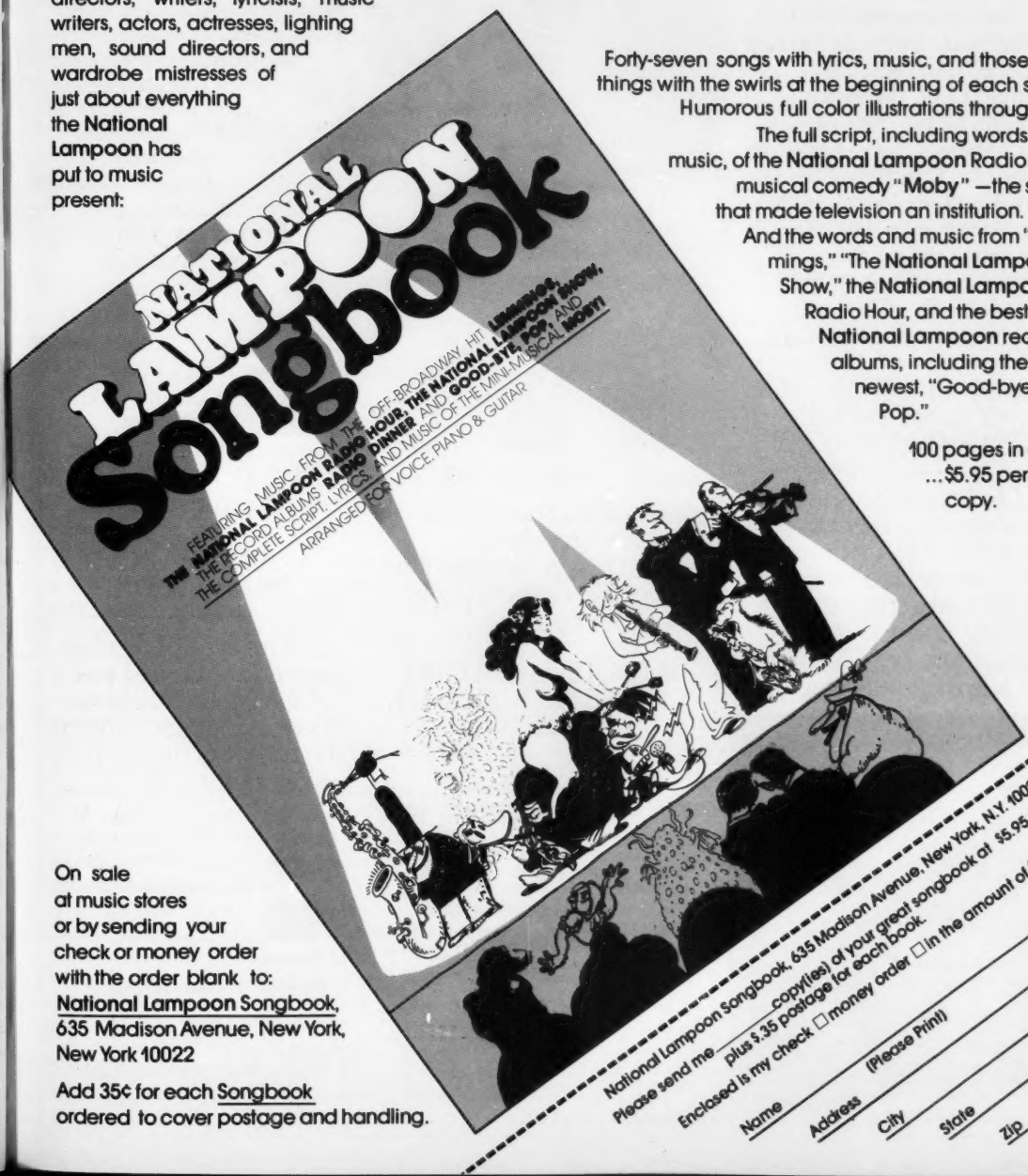
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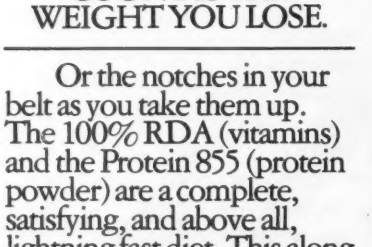

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Wood is right in saying that Hitchcock "is a much greater director than he knows."

*Family Plot* (even with its little joke of a street sign that reads "Bates Ave.") never approaches the disquieting intensity of *Psycho*. But it might, if Hitchcock had followed the film's source novel with a more engaged fidelity. Victor Canning's *The Rainbird Pattern* was published in 1962, within two years of *Psycho*'s release; and Canning might well have devised his meticulous plot of working-class psychics, burnt-out policemen and congenitally deranged aristocrats with an eye toward interesting Hitchcock in a movie version. Contrasting an obscure mystery novel with a final Hitchcock film is usually a captious exercise (undoubtedly *Psycho* transformed Robert Bloch's pulp novella as surely as *Henry V* transcended Holinshed), but it's important here to see the dramatic opportunities Hitchcock ignored.

Barbara Harris, as a cheery spiritualist, and Bruce Dern, as an amateur gumshoe, hitch to safety in Hitchcock's new film.

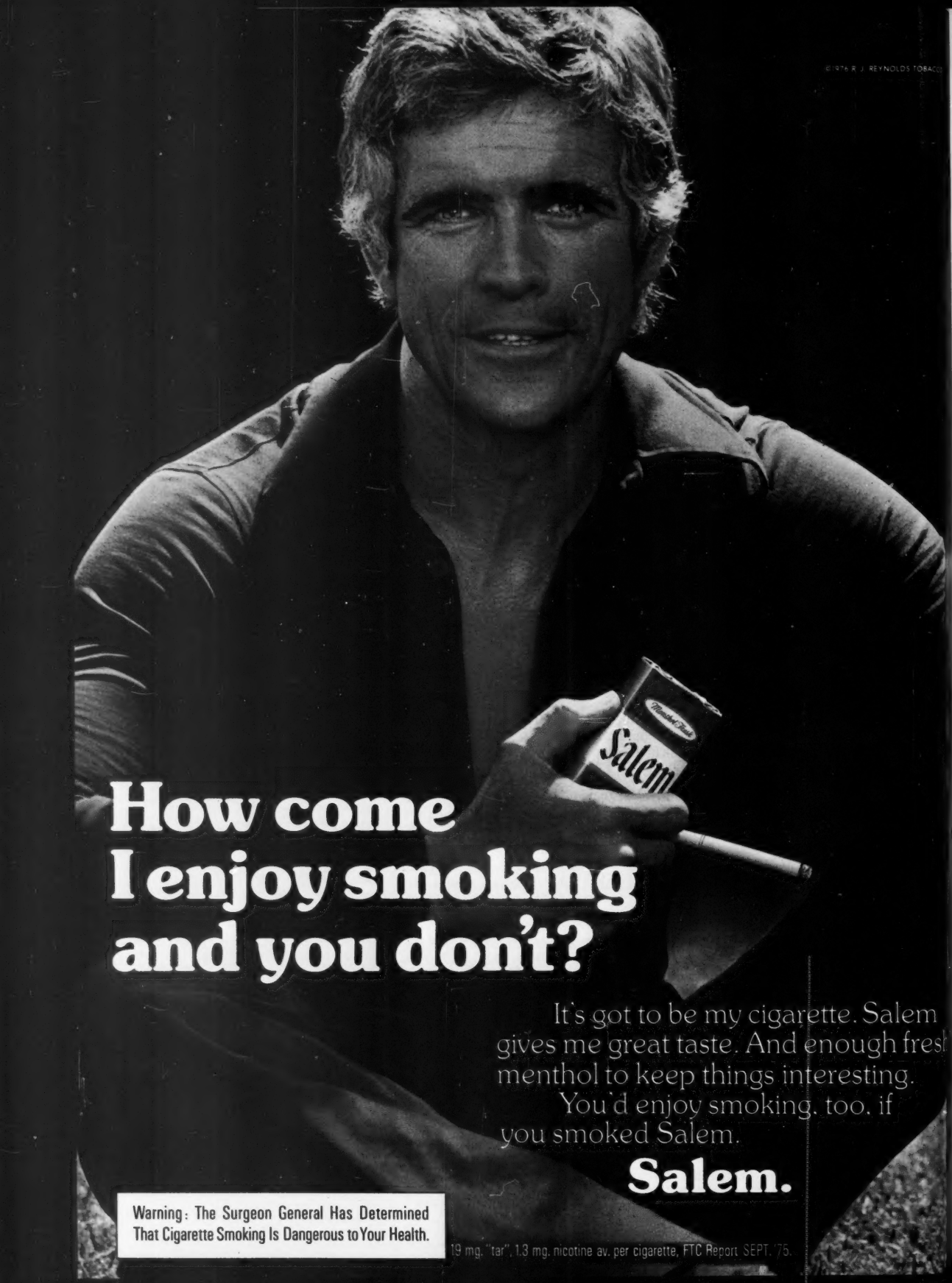
Like the film, *The Rainbird Pattern* traces two separate stories to their point of convergence. An English spiritualist and her lover search for rich old Miss Rainbird's long-lost nephew; simultaneously, the British secret police are tracking down the suave kidnapper of high-ranking politicians and clergymen; and we eventually learn that the same man is the subject of both investigations. But Canning's complicated plotting doesn't keep him from developing complex, living characters—all of them failed heroes or visionary villains. Blanche, the medium, is no scheming con artist but a cheerful, modern-day Wife of Bath who seems to have a genuine psychic gift, and whose death (upon discovering the kidnapper with an unconscious archbishop in his car) provides real pathos. Bush, the secret policeman, is an ambitious underling with a straying wife; finding the kidnapper, and killing him, becomes the only focus and justification for his life. Even Shoebridge, the kidnapper-murderer-nephew, becomes sympathetic as he faces his executioners huddled in bed with his arm around his wife. At the end of the novel, old Miss Rainbird (who is responsible for a skeleton in her own family plot) has adopted her nephew's son—who proves too much like his father, and like her. People do what they have to do. Heredity is destiny.

Canning orchestrates a musical-chairs game with the reader's sympathies, as the predator in one chapter becomes the prey of the next—until, finally, the terms "villain" and "victim" are interchangeable, and perhaps unimportant. *The Rainbird Pattern* isn't a great mystery novel, but it could have made a good movie. Ten years ago, when the director was still sparking, it could have made a great Hitchcock movie. But, perversely and fatally, *Family Plot* is missing the novel's most "Hitchcockian" element: the sense of guilt, either transferred or inherited. In its place is a timid comic spirit that trivializes the novel's obsessions and turns the characters into cardboard cartoons.

Surely the three combustible ingredients in a successful mystery story are an intricate plot, suggestive atmosphere and believable characters. But in adapting *The Rainbird Pattern* to the screen, Hitchcock and screenwriter Ernest Lehman have eviscerated Canning's plot by demoting the policemen to walk-on roles and, astonishingly, eliminating all the murders. The setting has been changed from southern England to some nameless, faceless part of California, with none of the reverberations that the Fool's Golden State held for Hitchcock in *Shadow of a Doubt*, *Vertigo*, *Psycho*, *The Birds*. Now California is just an extension of the Universal back lot. With Hitchcock receding into the shell of his silhouette, maybe that's all of the world he knows.

Inhabiting this nondescript landscape are two couples—Blanche (Barbara Harris) and her beau (Bruce Dern), and Shoebridge (William Devane) and his mistress (Karen Black)—who seem less doomed than dumb. The near-infallible kidnapper now carries out his abductions with the bravado of a showboating adolescent; Blanche, the happy medium, is now a full-fledged charlatan—however lovable—who spends her time hoodwinking silly old ladies and blurting out her discoveries about Shoebridge within the kidnapper's hearing. I guess *Family Plot* aims to be a romantic comedy-mystery after the fashion of *North by Northwest* (also written by Lehman)—except that the 1959 film was incomparably funnier and more serious, a beautifully crafted entertainment of the highest order. *Family Plot*, alas, has all the limitations of a "well-made" film without being at all well made.

"Hitchcock has every detail worked out," Ingrid Bergman said a few years ago, reminiscing about her appearances in *Spellbound*, *Notorious* and *Under Capricorn*. "He has all his figures on the dining room table, and the little camera and all the sets, and he knows exactly how to move them. If you come with an idea and you say, 'I would rather do this standing at the window instead of where you have put me, sitting in the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chair,' he listens to you. But I would think that 90 percent of the time you end up with the way he saw it on the dining room table." Actors aren't cattle to Hitchcock—cattle, after all, can stampede—but toy soldiers blown up to mannequin size.

Hitchcock's famous indifference to actors works both ways. Paul Newman saw that indifference as a straitjacket of immovable toe-marks and imponderable motivations, and in *Torn Curtain* struggled and collapsed under his character's lack of weight. Anthony Perkins, forced to create the role of Norman Bates without much directorial guidance, became an almost equal contributor to *Psycho*'s success. But the actors in *Family Plot*, Bruce Dern, Karen Black and William Devane, have worked with directors like Robert Altman and Bob Rafelson, who encourage spontaneity and collaboration; they all seem as lost inside the film's anachronistic sensibility as Clark Gable would have been playing the lead in *Dog Day Afternoon*. Only Barbara Harris doesn't embarrass; she does heroic justice both to Blanche's sweetness and to her considerable performing skills.

The least we should expect from Hitchcock is technical facility. But *Family Plot* has the flat, semi-pro, corner-cutting look of a Universal TV series like *Medical Center* or *Ellery Queen*. There isn't one dazzling shot in the whole picture (though there are several pointlessly extravagant ones). And the editing is so sloppy I'd like to think Hitchcock didn't supervise it. The one "set piece"—in which a car carrying Harris and Dern careens out of control down a winding road—is an inept, self-indulgent reference to a similar ride Cary Grant takes in *North by Northwest;* Steven Spielberg could have filmed it with one eye tied behind his back. In fact, the failure of *Family Plot* only underlines the lessons in suspense filmmaking that Spielberg, with *Jaws*, proved he had learned at 25, and which Hitchcock at 75 has sadly forgotten. The man seems tired, and maybe he's no longer interested even in playing with tiny props on his dining room table. At his age, it's no sin, Agatha Christie at 75 had long since put her creative mechanism on automatic pilot. And Shakespeare was dead at 52.

Hitchcock and John Cassavetes made their latest movies within a few miles of each other, but otherwise they're worlds apart. Hitchcock ignores actors; Cassavetes sees them as the soul of his films. Hitchcock is (or was) a master of story logic; Cassavetes doesn't care if his films make narrative or spatial sense, as long as his actors can suggest, by his relentless focusing on them, the way human beings act under stress. So it's a mystery why, in *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*, he should choose to invade the *Underworld* genre, with a story about a small-time strip-joint owner (Ben Gazzara) who must become a hit man to pay off a gambling debt to the Mob. Cassavetes hasn't the slightest feeling for building a scene through editing. His action sequences are beyond incompetent; they're inexplicable. His hoods and hustlers come on like Amateur Night at an American Legion social. But Cassavetes isn't even an amateur version of Don Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) or Phil Karlson (*Framed*), directors whose action movies show a sophisticated understanding of violent movement.

Cassavetes deals almost entirely in close-ups (his production outfit isn't called The Faces Company for nothing), which would give his films the right distance for genuine film actors. But he and his performers grew up in the theater, and have a fatal tendency for "big moments"—the sweeping, high-voltage gestures that look great from the back row of an Off-Broadway theater but woefully overwrought on the screen. He seems to think people are most human when they make complete fools of themselves, and his advice to his actors might be: "Dare to be awful." With *Chinese Bookie*, Cassavetes has risen to his own challenge.

# Books

## 'Taint yours and 'taint mine

By Geoffrey Wolff

**The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty** *by Peter Collier and David Horowitz.* Holt, Rinehart and Winston (746 pp., $15).

Since this is a study of breakup, of failure under stress, it is perhaps appropriate to begin with Winthrop Rockefeller, dead of cancer at 61, a drunkard in self-imposed exile from the rigors and repudiations of his father and his four brothers. Winthrop recollected having gone to bed as a child each night with shadows cast across his wall by the play of stray light against the bars set in his windows. As Peter Collier and David Horowitz explain, the bars "were meant to keep trespassers out, but Winthrop assumed that they were intended to keep him in."

WIDE WORLD

Father and son: by the early 1930s, John Jr.'s (right) success in business was undeniable, but he never possessed the rejuvenating wit of his father (left).

The theme of imprisonment runs through this impressive study of the Rockefeller family like a chain. Money and expectations are pushed like pillows into the faces of sons and daughters by their fathers; the effect is suffocating, brutal and without relief. Almost without exception every character in this book who bears or once bore the name Rockefeller is crippled, confused and in pain.

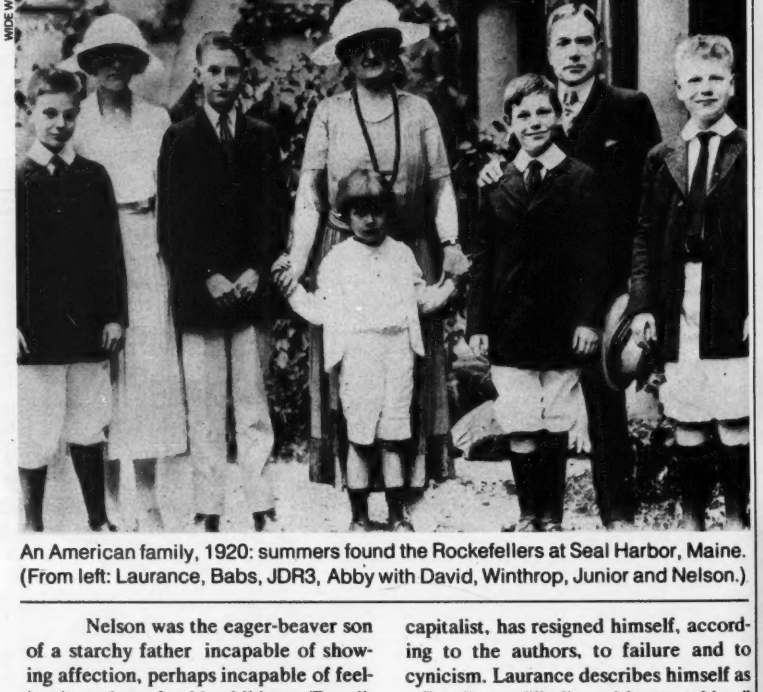
The principal exception to this rule is the old man himself, John Davison Rockefeller Sr., the robber baron who squeezed his competitors till their pips squeaked, and ingested them.

He was an opportunist rather than an innovator, a man both ruthless and lucky. "When it's raining porridge," his sister Lucy once said, "you'll always find John's bowl right side up." His pinchfist excesses, his personal rectitude and economic corruption are by now the stuff of legend. He made the money by whatever means came most easily to hand, and he then set about giving away some of it, not enough to reduce his comfort or even his fortune, but enough to make him feel better about himself. By 1910 his philanthropies were second only to Andrew Carnegie's, $134 million to $179 million. Forty-five million dollars of this went to the University of Chicago, one of whose literature professors wrote a monograph that concluded that the oil refiner had surpassed in creative genius Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. Not everyone was as grateful for his benefactions. A society of missionaries rejected a gift of $100,000 from him on the grounds that it was "tainted," and a vaudevillian, anticipating Hemingway's response to Fitzgerald's aperçu about the very rich, agreed: " 'Taint yours, and 'taint mine."

It was the burden of John D. Rockefeller Jr. to restore honor to his father and to the name Rockefeller. The great philanthropies had been developed and organized by Frederick Gates, who had warned the old man that he must hurry, must give away the ludicrously increasing fortune: "Your fortune is rolling up, rolling up like an avalanche! You must distribute it faster than it grows! If you do not, it will crush you, and your children, and your children's children." Only a Rockefeller associate would presume to send an avalanche rolling uphill for the sake of a figure of speech, but the prophecy came true. The money was not given up quickly enough, and even with the dilution of the fortune through an enlarging family of heirs, its weight has been crushing.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. was a Good Man, a man who did well by the world by his own lights, who knew what the world needed. He was in control of his family's concerns at the time of the Ludlow massacre, when strike-breakers killed some of the wives and children of striking Colorado miners, and Rockefeller was held in part accountable. He resolved to make amends (as his son Nelson never would after the Attica massacre, for which he is in very large part accountable), and to that end devoted himself almost entirely to the giving away of money, rather than the getting of it. But by that time a Rockefeller bureaucracy, a machine that runs itself, had taken charge of the getting of money and its conservation, and it was as though a battle had been joined between two contrary and mutually exclusive impulses: greed and generosity.

In case you are in suspense, be assured that there are bounds to generosity. Nelson Rockefeller is worth—give or take 50 million—one quarter of a billion dollars. The 15 chief employees of room 5600 at Rockefeller Center, from which the Rockefeller interests are directed, sit on boards of corporations with an aggregate value of $70 billion. The fortune, then, thrives, even as the family it was first secured to serve falls into a kind of ruinous self-neglect, a kind of desuetude.


WIDE WORLD

An American family, 1920: summers found the Rockefellers at Seal Harbor, Maine. (From left: Laurance, Babs, JDR3, Abby with David, Winthrop, Junior and Nelson.)

Nelson was the eager-beaver son of a starchy father incapable of showing affection, perhaps incapable of feeling it, at least for his children. (Recalling John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s neglect of Winthrop—whose brothers tormented him mercilessly—a family friend concludes that "Mr. Rockefeller would go to the ends of the earth for the 'well-being of mankind' . . . but he wouldn't go three hundred miles out of his way for the well-being of his son.") Nelson feathered his nest with his family's fortune and power, and took joy in his good luck at being a Rockefeller, as few Rockefellers have since the prime of the old man. Now his career is in ruins, and he sulks in his tent, spent and useless unless Gerald Ford dies or resigns and unleashes Rockefeller on us. His history is told here in detail, more in sadness than in contempt, but nothing so nicely reveals the kind of man he has been, bobbing and weaving for advantage, than the information that the eulogy he delivered over his brother Winthrop's corpse was composed by a speechwriter, and was not read by him till moments before his oration.

Nelson was cruel to Winthrop, and David, quondam chairman of The Establishment, has contempt for Nelson for his disgrace of the family name in the matter of his divorce and remarriage. He has presided over the reduction of Chase Manhattan Bank from its eminence as the most powerful, to the third most powerful, bank in America. Laurance, conservationist and venture capitalist, has resigned himself, according to the authors, to failure and to cynicism. Laurance describes himself as a Zen figure, "finding without seeking," and the authors are much harder on him. They believe him to have been the grandson who enjoyed the greatest wit and verve, the most potent possibilities. And through lassitude or a failure of will, he wasted himself. A friend describes him as a man who "doesn't like controversy. Now that I think of it, I don't believe that he's ever gotten blood on him . . . . It's almost instinctive with him: never to get bloodied." John D. Rockefeller III is gentle, much like his father, without any personality recognizable as quirky, or singular, or

apart. It is not his fault, perhaps. He was brought up by his mother under the burden of the cruel nickname, "demiJohn."

And so the shadow cast by the previous generation more and more darkens the environment of the present heirs, or victims. And now the Cousins, 21 children of the children of the children of John D. Rockefeller, try to find themselves in all this. Some have tried to give away their money, and have failed trying. Some have changed their names, and many of the 14 female cousins have changed their names through marriage. (Of seven marriages in the 1960s, five ended in divorce.) Analysis and therapy are the commonplaces of the Cousins' days.

They aren't as rich as their fathers, but they are too rich by their lights. Their money they regard as "a curse," and their opinion of it is treated with contempt and indifference by the machine in room 5600, now beyond their apprehension or control. "All of the Cousins have been tantalized by the Rockefeller identity, yet all have thought at one time or another that to be born into this dynasty was like having an exotic and utterly incurable hereditary disease." They are in a fix long ago anticipated, the space between the rock of greed and the hard place of philanthropy. Steven Rockefeller, a professor of religion at Middlebury College, at great cost to himself, and to an ex-wife, has finally come to understand it:

"If we should in fact give money to other people who don't have sufficient money to take care of their own needs, then it's also true that there is something wrong with the world as long as these other people have such great needs when we have so much more than we need. If you really believe that there's a claim on your life from these other people who are in need and you really take that claim seriously, then where do you draw the line?... Proceeding from the logic my grandfather established, you really ought to be giving away as much as you possibly can. Your obligation is an open-ended one."

Since it is not possible to give it all away, since it is too late, there is only one option left, to walk away from the name, the family, the money, the birthright. Many of the Cousins have already walked away from who they are, and others are prepared to follow. And noble as they are, it is a sad story, well told here, but bleak and as relentless as machinery.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# Final Tribute

## Jim Wright/Wane of the Wankel

Alas, poor Wankel. Just five years ago ballyhooed as the automobile engine for the future, it now teeters on the brink of becoming one of the biggest financial turkeys of the decade (outside of a few Department of Defense wingless wonders, of course).

When word first reached American shores in the late 1960s that Felix Wankel's *wunderkind*, the rotary combustion engine, had been perfected after more than a decade of research, the news was received with the kind of fanfare usually reserved for miracle drugs and British rock bands.

Who could have known then that the rotary engine would go over like a lead zeppelin? Anybody who had ever wielded a ratchet wrench knew that the reciprocating piston engine was ready for the auto graveyard. Noisy, dirty and as complicated as any Rube Goldberg concoction, the four-cycle piston engine had changed remarkably little since German Gottlieb Daimler pioneered it way back in 1885.

And the Wankel *did* sound appealing. This quiet yet powerful little engine, with half as many moving parts as its piston forebears, fit perfectly into the technological *zeitgeist* of the era: new is better, less is best. The Wankel appeared ready to take its rightful place alongside the digital wristwatch, pocket calculator and microwave oven.

What's more, the rotary engine's creator was a German, automatically making him an automotive blueblood, *Herr* apparent to the legacy of engineers Diesel, Otto, Porsche, Benz and Daimler. If popes were Italian and chefs French, then automotive wizards must surely be Deutschlanders, and the Wankel the neatest thing to come down the Autobahn since the Volkswagen.

Proclaimed *U.S. News and World Report* in 1970, "Now on the horizon: the possibility of a revolutionary type of engine to power Detroit's car of the future." A car expert, after driving an experimental Mercedes-Benz Wankel at the Frankfurt auto show in 1969, wrote in *Sports Illustrated*: "This car is here for all to see, for some to drive and maybe even for some to own. This can mean only one thing: in Stuttgart [home of the Daimler-Benz factory] the reciprocating piston engine is as dead as the dodo."

Paving the way for the Wankel blitzkrieg, toy manufacturers began to market plastic replicas while American corporations vied for licensing pacts. General Motors, usually as innovative as the Flat Earth Society, boosted Wankel fortunes the most in 1970 when it signed a $50 million pact with NSU-Wankel just for the privilege of manufacturing and selling the engine.

Come 1972, when GM announced it would market a rotary-powered auto in two years, some experts predicted that the motor would become standard equipment on more than half the cars sold in 1980. One rotary booster claimed the engine would "eventually dwarf such major postwar technological developments as xerography, Edwin Land's Polaroid camera and color television"—mighty strong talk for an automotive messiah still wrapped in swaddling clothes and barely beyond its manger.

There to cash in on this Wankelmania was a relatively small Japanese automaker, Toyo Kogyo. The firm had sold slightly more than 10,000 of its rotary-powered Mazdas in 1971 in America. Buoyed by GM's announced production plans, 1972 sales leaped to

42,000. A year later, Americans' infatuation with the Wankel hit full throttle. Thanks in part to some slick ad campaigns (the piston's "boing-boing" versus the rotary's "hmmmmmmmm"), the 1973 Mazdas whirred their way into the hearts of 100,000 autophiles. Toyo Kogyo geared up production, projecting sales of 250,000 cars in the U.S. in 1974.

One apocryphal report—that an experimental European car with a Wankel "about the size of a bread box" had hit speeds up to 160 m.p.h.—bore witness to the rotary's new eminence.

Then, to quote Mazda vice-president Sidney Fogel, "The balloon burst." Like a one-two punch, the Middle East oil embargo made motorists fuel-thrifty while the Environmental Protection Agency conducted tests that indicated Mazda's rotary engine consumed 50 percent more gas than a comparable piston engine. No matter that the EPA's findings were slightly off. GM postponed indefinitely its rotary plans, and Mazda sales plummeted to 70,000 in 1974, a far cry from the quarter million originally anticipated. Toyo Kogyo nearly went under.

Some 60,000 rotary Mazdas (a 15-month supply) were stockpiled by early last year. Most would still be sitting in Toyo Kogyo's plant parking lots in Japan if not for America's largest contribution to the car-making art—the $500 rebate. It didn't take an expert to figure out that the Wankel wouldn't be rotating much longer unless it boosted its fuel economy.

Recent EPA tests show that the 1976 rotary Mazdas have improved gas consumption over last year's models by 50 percent—a combined city/highway average of 22-23 miles per gallon—but the Wankel still suffers when compared to the refined piston engines found on the Chevette, the Datsun B-210 and the Subaru. All three average 33 m.p.g.

Another recurrent roadblock is the rotary's reputation (unfounded or not) for maintenance problems, which once prompted a U.S. distributor for the NSU Spyder, a rotary forerunner of the Mazda, to remark, "It is really a question of putting Swiss watchmakers into gas stations."

The coup de grace, however, has been the federal government's increasingly rigid exhaust emission standards. Ironically, Mazda has never had much trouble meeting them, but GM rotary prototypes, according to a company spokesman, still emit four to five times as many hydrocarbons as its conventional gas engines. As a result, he says, the GM Wankel is still bogged down in the research and development department and it "isn't getting the attention it used to get." As long as GM sticks to its pistons, the rotary can never achieve mass acceptance.

Even Toyo Kogyo admits as much. That company now markets the Mazda Mizer, which averaged 35 m.p.g. in the EPA tests. Next to the Honda Civic CVCC, it is the most economical car currently available in America. But the Mizer, to the chagrin of Wankel followers, has a *piston* engine.

Toyo Kogyo hasn't abandoned the rotary yet, but its sales projections of 31,000 Wankel-powered Mazdas for 1976, 40 percent of its U.S. sales overall, don't bode well for Felix Wankel's progeny. One of the company's recent Midwest ad campaigns tells the story best: "The world has changed. So has Mazda." ●

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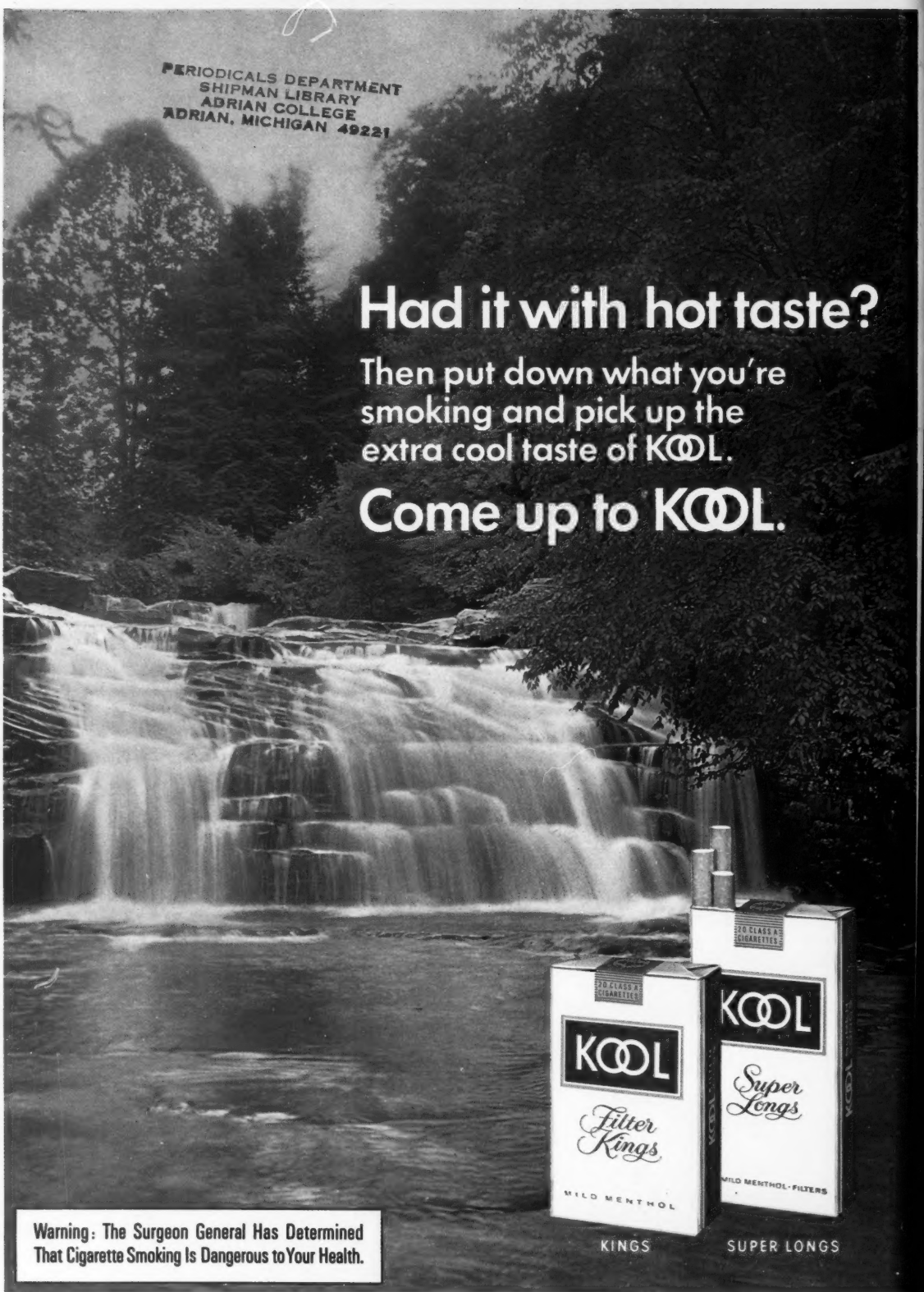


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